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ART AND LETTERS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1888



LONDON

BOUSSOD, VALADON & C^o

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NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PARTS — THE HAGUE — BERLIN

1888

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FIRST VOLUME



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A NORMALIAN

IN 1833

A man does not change his tastes and his position only, as he grows old, he changes his friends as well; of all changes the saddest. Some die, others leave us; a few turn enemies. For this last sort one has no regret. I am happy enough still to have friends who have remained faithful to me for more than fifty years past. To such I am grateful, first for having lived, then for having held on. It is on their account that I have such trouble to persuade myself I have become an old man. When it chances to me to meet one of these old comrades, and it chances never often enough for my taste, it seems to me only yesterday that we were pacing the streets of the Latin quarter. My companion of the moment brings back to me all the comrades we boasted then, and, thanks to him, I recover like other friends all the feelings that once filled our breasts.

I entered the Normal School in 1833. There was nothing sumptuous

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about the place in those days. It was an old characterless building, hard by the Louis-le-Grand College, and had originally been the "College du Plessis." This Plessis College had been united with that of Louis-le-Grand upon the destruction of the minor colleges, and the Louis-le-Grand College, thus extended, had become, some time before the Revolution, the head-quarters of the University of Paris. When, under the Empire, the Faculty of Letters was founded, the Plessis College became its local habitation. How, I don't quite know. I take stock of the house (in my mind's eye) from floor to roof in vain, I see no single room large enough to contain a hundred students. The Faculty lost no time in getting established in the buildings of the Sorbonne; at the Plessis it gave place to the Normal School, founded in 1810. The school, to judge from its quarters, was a modest affair. But the first pupil to enter it was named Victor Cousin, and I find this great name backed up by a legion of others as glorious : Guigniaut, Dubois, Loyson, Augustin Thierry, Jouffroy, Damiron, and this is speaking only of the literary side !

When I joined, at the end of 1833, the entrance was through a hovel, shored up in a rough and ready fashion by the help of two or three beams, the porter occupying a sort of stall inside. Before you stretched a court-yard of some length, or rather an alley bounded on one side by a high wall, and on the three others by grim buildings which might have been taken for a barrack out of repair or a hospital. There was, however, an attempt at embellishment in the shape of a row of sickly trees which seemed to pine along the wall to make the absence of sunshine more conspicuous.

We had in the interior, on the ground floor, a refectory and two lecture rooms dimly lit by two small windows; on the entresol were the sub-director's rooms and the library, a tiny library, with its books arranged on roughly-trimmed shelves and a deal table and straw chairs as its only furniture. There it was that M. Cousin gave his Sunday course of lectures. The first floor was occupied by a huge class-room, common to first and second-year men on the Letters side, and by a single dormitory, where the whole school slept. The third-year men on the Letters side lived on the top floor, next the roof. There we enjoyed our freedom, distributed

in four rooms—the philosophers', the literature-class's, the historians', and the grammarians.' Poor grammarians ! They were the plucked ones of the first year, those who had failed in their "preliminary" for their degree. They only stayed at the school two years, and then found themselves banished, with wretched pay, to lower-form masterships. We looked upon them, and indeed they honestly looked upon themselves, as inferior beings. Grammar has doughtily revenged itself since that time.

You will notice that I say nothing at all about the Science School. That had a separate establishment in the same building, with a Natural Science collection and laboratories. All I remember is that our scientific comrades found themselves very poorly equipped in their own quarters and worked as much as possible on the premises of the Sorbonne. The State, which spent nothing on the fabric, did as little for the staff.

The management of the school was one of Cousin's functions as a Councillor of the University. For that he received an extra allowance of, I suppose, some three thousand francs. He lived quite close to us at the Sorbonne, in the rooms where you now find the library he presented to the University. He was, to speak the truth, our sovereign, and did whatever he chose with us, our masters, and our regulations. The director strictly so called, the one who lived in the school-house, and was responsible for details of administration and for discipline, was M. Guigniaut, the translator of Kreutzer's *Symbolic*, and the best man the earth has produced. He was one of the professors, as also was M. Cousin. He was a scholar the Germans might have envied, a regular D'Ansse de Villoison ; he knew everything we had no need of knowing, and taught it us, whence it befell that his lectures were the most learned and the least useful in the whole school. He had a small set of rooms all tumbling to pieces, in the hovel I have already mentioned as serving for a sort of vestibule to the place. It was only with fear and trembling we entered his quarters, for he was entrusted with the carrying out of M. Cousin's orders. He disliked, yet executed them, and explained them with a prolixity of argument which plunged us in stupefaction. We had to do as he did : submit. Once only had we the pluck to resist. Cousin,

who, in anticipation of our own time, was a great partisan of overwork, had conceived the notion of depriving us of our Thursday holiday. We sent a deputation to his colleagues on the Council; and I fancy that M. Orfila, who represented the School of Medicine there, must have been on our side, for, contrary to all expectation, our Thursday was restored to us. It was only a half-holiday after all; we had leave from one o'clock to seven.

We had also a sub-director, M. Jumel, very ill-bred, very ignorant, at once surly and silly, who had just enough sense to know that the most insignificant pupil in the school had more sense than himself, and there was an usher chosen from among the least capable masters at Louis-le-Grand, a thoroughly stupid man and a miracle of incapability, who was finally made a steward in a small provincial college where, I warrant, he drove the staff of servants to desperation. I was very fond of him, I was very fond of M. Jumel and M. Guigniaut, I was fond of all my comrades. I had a profound admiration for all our professors, who with us were called lecturers. But my heart went out, above all, to Jean Le Bris, who was my confidant, my pride, my consolation, with whom I spent all my leisure time and all my holidays. He was as sturdy as a Breton peasant, but I was nearly always in the sick-ward. Thither he would come whenever he had the chance, and in spite of his roughness, he was the pleasantest companion and the best sick-nurse one could imagine.

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But now that I have described the establishment, in one way or another, and introduced Jean Le Bris, whose story I am about to tell you, I warn you beforehand that it is just possible that Jean le Bris, was neither at the school, nor, if he was, bore the name of Jean Le Bris nor ever was at the Vannes Seminary, nor is a member of the Institute at this very hour. These little details apart, everything is scrupulously true in the tale I am going to relate.

We had known and conceived an affection for one another at the college at Vannes. I was fifteen years old, he was twenty. But I was never

a child, though I have always preserved my youthfulness. The Vannes College was like nothing one can imagine nowadays. There were scholars there of my own kind, middle-class youngsters studying in a middle-class way to be lawyers or doctors, and of the usual school-boy age; and alongside these, a good half of the school consisted of peasants from twenty to twenty-five years old, whose mother tongue was Breton, who spoke French with difficulty, wore the local costume, and lived upon nothing in lofts and attics, without bedclothes or a fire, enduring this martyrdom for four and five years, out of vanity and the ambition to be promoted from peasants to priests.

This was the time of the Restoration, and the country of the Chouans. The Chouans were there still, and in our country districts, for ever behindhand, the Curé was the same great personage as before the Revolution, or a still greater personage even, now that he was no longer effaced and overtopped by the Squire. Jean Le Bris, then, was studying for the priesthood. He was what we used to call a *cloarec*.

But he was no common sheep in the flock. All these *cloarecs* were honest chaw-bacons. At twenty-five they had a cassock put on their back. They were none the less peasants. Ten years after leaving the seminary, they forgot the little French they had learnt in class. As for Latin, that they had never known, a fact which did not prevent them from being good and charitable men; so much for the mass of the flock. Among them there was, as in all crowds, an *élite*. There were the saints, recognized as such, not mystics but saints by predestination. Here and there was a stray theologian, sometimes a preacher, nay, even an apostle, such was Jean Le Bris, and, until the time when he should become the glory of the pulpit, he was that of our college. He was always first. His class-mates gave up competing for more than second prizes and second places. It was the custom in those days to give a cross to the first and second in every competition. The first wore it attached with an officer's rosette, the second with a plain ribbon. The colour varied for each class: white for philosophy, blue for rhetoric, red, green, amaranth for the other classes. Jean Le Bris, who was twenty-one years old, and seemed at least twenty-five, proudly wore his white rosette on his peasant's jacket

and he had his button-hole decorated the whole time he remained at college.

He was equally successful in philosophy and in rhetoric, but philosophy was not to his taste. The course was taught by M. Monnier, who had taken the rhetoric class the year before, and who, subsequently, became a deputy in the Legislative Assembly. M. Monnier was a saint, and, in spite of that, a sensible man, but he had the defect, grave enough in a man who taught philosophy, of not knowing what it was. He had heard tell of *innovations* introduced by the Parisians. "They've got a young fellow over there, named Victor Cousin, who has found a way of refining still further on the refinements of La Romiguière." What this quintessence of refinement was, he never gave himself the trouble to enquire. "They have drawn up for me," he used to say to us, "a little summary of the ideas of La Romiguière." He dictated it to us, it was very short, and unspeakably childish. "Let us abide by the old philosophy of our fathers," he would go on. "That is the only true sort." And thereupon he set us to learning the Lyons "Cahiers" and to inventing arguments about all sorts of metaphysical and moral theses :

The only remnant of all this in my mind is the definition of the idea; I give it here by the way, for those unfortunates among my readers who have never studied the Lyons "Cahiers." *Idea est repræsentatio mera objecti circa mentem realiter præsentis.* That is to say : "An idea is the pure representation of an object really present to the mind;" which is tantamount to saying nothing at all. I also recollect the famous rules of logic in *baroco*. I had to use them so often for a whole year!

On Saturdays we had *Sabbatines*, to which the public were admitted. Hither would come a few old lawyers, who let off syllogisms at us. Only Latin was spoken, mind! M. Monnier and his contemporaries did not look upon French as a tongue fit for philosophy. One of his colleagues came to look me up long afterwards, when I was already cutting some figure at the University to show me a little work he intended to publish, he said, if it met with my approval. The poor man had taken the trouble to translate into French the Latin translation of the "Method" which he took for the original. "I know there is a French translation already,"

said he, "but it is so bad." A French translation ! What he called a translation was the immortal text of the *Discours de la Méthode*. You see how far my poor old college had got.

Jean did not fail to tell me that all this spinning of arguments which proved nothing, and shed new light upon nothing, filled him with deep disgust. "I want to think," he said, "and we do nothing but jabber." He pitied M. Monnier, and added : "Happily for him and for me we both have faith." His faith at that time was robust. And yet he had counted upon philosophy to remove certain doubts which beset him, and to throw light upon certain points still somewhat obscure in his mind ; philosophy left him in his uncertainties and obscurities, and he began to struggle between the desire to believe and the possibility of doing so.

Disappointed in this direction, he transferred his hopes to theology. We wrote ourselves out of our depth with dissertations, and our cry always was : "We want a master." As he was to enter the seminary the following year he used to say to me : "I will give you my note books : I will go over again with you through the lessons I have had. You shall become a theologian."

We never so much as questioned the divinity of Christ or the mystery of the Redemption. We admitted without a doubt the Trinity and the Creation. We had much difficulty to reconcile moral evil with the perfection of the Almighty Godhead. Original sin might explain Adam's fall ; but that generations who had not shared in the sin should share the condemnation, struck us as contrary to all notions of justice. Nevertheless, we were bound to admit original sin in order to get in the Redemption and the Institution of Sacraments. Great was the perplexity of Le Bris and myself on this subject. Grace was another of our difficulties. How could that be reconciled with liberty ? And if it was unbought could it be reconciled with justice ? We were for ever turning this question over and over again in our minds. One of us, getting up in the morning, would chance to hit upon a solution. He would straightway carry it off to the other, and he found, in explaining it, that it would not bear looking into. It was a perpetual alternation of enthusiasm and despair. Thereto we added a certain scruple. Were we not on the verge of doubting ?

We thought it needful, like good Christians, to have recourse to prayer. "We must abase our minds," said Jean Le Bris. And, with him that did not mean resignation, but anger rather, and almost revolt. And always there was the same conclusion : "Let us wait for the seminary !"

He made his entry there at the end of 1830.

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The *Trois Journées* (*i. e.* : The revolutionary events of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830) had provided me, who had the political temperament, with additional food for speculation. To the problem of reconciling Divine perfection with original sin was henceforth added in my mind the problem of reconciling liberty with public order. Jean did not allow his attention to be diverted. "So long," he said, "as they don't attack religion !" That was the only reflection the change of dynasty inspired in him. He was a Breton in every sense of the word, going straight ahead without looking to right or left, like an ox ploughing a furrow.

I was off to the seminary whenever I had a moment to spare. I was always to be seen in the Rue du Mené. So good a character did I bear that I was allowed free access, not to the interior of the establishment, where the profane never set foot, but to the court-yard.

"Have you found it out ?" I would say to Jean. "Not yet. We are going through logic again." "And now ?" "Now we are having a course of Holy Writ." "Just so, Genesis ! There you have original sin." "But," he would answer, "the professor only explains the text, and establishes the doctrine ; we shall discuss it later on." The discussion never came, and was fated never to come. The more and more eager questions of my poor friend were met by the distinction between revealed dogma, of which it suffices to prove the existence, and philosophic dogma, of which it is necessary to understand the sense and demonstrate the truth.

The text used by the master was that of Saint Jerome. Jean knew a few words of Hebrew. He had lighted at the Abbé Leber's on one or two books of exegetic controversy. Twice or thrice the thought struck him that the professor's arguments were based upon a mis-translation. He fought against himself for some time, but his doubt kept returning ;

and after all, what was a master for, if not to solve difficulties? He hardly dared. He saw all his fellow-students satisfied, and unsuspecting. At last he made the plunge: "*Liceat loqui, domine reverendissime.—Do veniam.* Your arguments are incontrovertible," said Jean, "if Saint Jerome's translation is correct. But the Hebrew text runs like this"—and so on. "Well, what did he say?" I asked him anxiously. "He kept silent for some time, while I felt all the eyes of the class turned on me, and at length he said to me gently, and, as it seemed to me, with a touch of sadness: "My son, you will recite the seven penitential psalms, on your knees before the high altar." "And what did you say, what did you do?" "What did I say? I said: *Gratias ago quam maximas.* What did I do? I went through my penance and I prayed God sincerely to grant me light and peace." "And has God had pity on you?" "No, dear friend—and look you, here are more passages wrongly rendered in the Vulgate. I must set to asking questions again." He did so; and was again punished. "Still I can't pass my life," he said to me, "on my knees before the altar."

He became an object of suspicion to his masters, and odious to his companions. These numskulls, who swallowed everything without a look or a scruple, accused him of pride and "libertinism." He saw his career in the Church thrown away; but what took up his whole mind was not his future, but Truth. I suffered like him, and as much; I suffered on his account and even on my own. That winter of 1831 was one of the saddest in all my life. I endured mortal agony. When they asked me: "What is the matter with you?" I dared not answer: "It is that passage in Saint Jerome!" It was ringing in my head night and day.

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One fine August morning, I was returning from Sunday mass, and was impatiently waiting for noon to go and see Le Bris at the seminary when I caught sight of him in a little room close at hand. He was very pale, but quite cool. "I have left those fellows, and am a free man," he said. At first I hardly understood. He had to repeat that he had turned his back on the seminary for ever, that he had given up all thought of the

priesthood. Every other minute he kept on repeating : "I have lost my faith! I have lost my faith!" in a tone of despair. Then he calmed down again, and surveyed his position with composure. It was terrible enough, seeing that he had not so much as his daily bread, and he could reckon on no one. He had taken his bachelor's degree the year before, and he did not doubt that he would obtain a minor post, in October, in some small college. "Meanwhile, I will go back to my parents. They will treat me as a reprobate. But it is better to pass for a reprobate than to be one."

"I have another string to my bow," he went on, "the competition for the Normal School opens at Rennes on Wednesday. By sharp walking, I can get there in time to compete. There at least, they won't answer my questions by penances."

"You are going on foot?" (it is twenty-seven leagues). "Yes, old fellow." "Without any money?" "Without any but yours. How much have you?" "Ten francs." "That will last me five days. You will see me again on Monday week. Can you lend me your overcoat?" I was the proud possessor of an overcoat! And moreover, as it was Sunday, I had it on. He was a biggish fellow and I was as thin as a lath. But when I had had this gorgeous vestment made for me, I had judiciously remembered that I could hardly fail to grow taller and stouter. I was quite buried inside it : he found it a tight fit. We burst out laughing. "Try and get Madame Le Normand to sell my cassock. That will do to pay for my place in the diligence, if I go to Paris." Madame Le Normand was my landlady : she kept the cassock for her son, who was a priest, and Le Bris was enabled to travel in the diligence, in grand style, for he was admitted to the Normal School. Admitted the last, his talent notwithstanding. The next year I also was admitted last on the list in the written competition. Not one of our professors at the Vannes College was capable of being admitted. Poor creatures! very good priests, though, and even good professors. They taught well what they knew, but they knew nothing.

"M. Le Gall was kindness itself," Jean Le Bris told me. M. Le Gall was the principal of the seminary. He was the Chief Grand Vicar and the real head of the diocese. Hale and active in spite of his eighty-two

years, an accomplished manager, an unrivalled judge of men, whose daily life exemplified the rarest virtues, this holy man had been a brave and stalwart combatant during the Chouannery. He said to Le Bris : "You are right to leave us. Throw off your priest's gown, but keep a firm hold of your faith. A man may still be a Christian in the lay world. Confide in me the day you scent danger. I will always be a father to you."—"He offered me some money," said Le Bris with tears in his eyes. "I told him I reckoned upon you. He laughed and embraced me."

I accompanied him as far as Malestroit, walking through part of the night, for I had to be at my work next day at six o'clock in the morning. A great disappointment was in store for me the following year. I wrote him letters four pages long. The postage between Paris and Vannes then cost 70 centimes. He hardly sent me a couple of notes in answer throughout the year, although I had instructed him not to prepay postage. He gave me good news of his health; no details about the school, not a word about Saint Jerome. I was grieved and wounded. I understood, when I joined the school, that its first effect on him had been to shut out the rest of the world.

I joined, in my turn, in September, 1833. When I got down from the roof of the coach in the Messageries Yard, Rue Saint-Honoré, my friend was there to receive me with open arms. I was playing a bold game. At the close of the written competition, twenty of us were selected to undergo, at Paris, the final test of the *viva voce* examination. I had come twelfth on the list. There were ten scholarships. M. Cousin found a way of admitting 15 pupils by dividing each of the five last scholarships into two semi-scholarships, but as I was quite unable to make up the value of half a scholarship out of my own pocket, if I did not succeed in passing among the first five, that is to say gaining seven places, there would be nothing for me but to take my way back to Rennes with all speed. I had had no cassock to turn into money like Le Bris. My eldest brother had given me all his savings, and, in spite of that, I should be obliged to return the whole way on foot, more than eighty leagues, and to accept from the Rector of the Academy the first place which would bring me in bread and cheese. We took up

my trunk, Le Bris and I, each by one handle, and carried it to the students' boarding-house in the Rue des Mathurins-Saint-Jacques, where he had secured an attic for me. Thus did I make my triumphal entry into the city of Paris. A week later I passed second on the list for the Normal School, and I was the happiest young fellow in all creation.

We had four professors : M. Mablin for Greek ; M. Gibon for French and Latin ; M. Lebas for history, and M. Thuillier for philosophy.

The first thing that dawned on me, in spite of my success—due to a certain fluency of speech—was that my comrades knew more than I did about everything.

The masters, unluckily, did not fail to make the same discovery at the same time. I took M. Mablin the translation of a chapter of *Télémaque*. "I can't correct that," he said, "it is a string of solecisms and barbarisms." I should think so! I had discovered Greek for myself the previous year, when it had first occurred to me to read for the school. My professors down in Brittany had not the least notion of it. I displayed the same ignorance in history and philosophy. I ought to have found favour with M. Gibon, for I knew Latin fairly well, and could write a French essay as well as most youngsters; but I had the misfortune to start with a romantic rhapsody not worth a farthing, which set him against me from that time forward. Horror! I told myself I was fit at the most to get a fellowship in grammar, and that far from aspiring to the first rank, I ought to think myself lucky if I succeeded in passing in my second year. I set to fagging hard at grammars and dictionaries, working at nothing but exercises and translations, and looking upon myself as a sort of pedagogue destined to be ever teaching lower forms, and to die principal of some obscure college. I saw that my masters and comrades also took me at the same valuation. Happily for me, I was influenced by the feeling of duty. A scholastic career of this humble order had no attraction for me, but I could see no way of opening out another for myself, and I worked my hardest to go through my education again. The difficulty was enormous. I was in reality a beginner; no one cared to help me on in studies which ought to have been done with five or six years sooner. I felt, myself, that I had no facility for task-work of



that sort. Not only had I fallen into a sort of discarded category, but I was not even sure of being found fit for that. I thought with some bitterness of all my prizes at the Vannes College, and of the hopes that had there been built on me.

Still, I acquired a certain amount of knowledge that year. I worked so continuously and with such application, that my health felt the effects of it for many years. My efforts were well received. The kindly disposed said that I was no stupider than other people, but that I ought not to have been received into the school, seeing that I was not advanced enough to follow the lectures.

When I was able to think of anything at all after this first rebuff, I thought of my soul. In that quarter I found Le Bris on the look-out for me. I suspected he had spent his first year, like myself, in retrieving lost time. He had succeeded better than I had. He was now classed among the first. His religious doubts had found nothing to allay them. In the first place, M. Mablin and M. Gibon were rather professors of languages than professors of literature. They, both of them, abominated philosophy and philosophers.

M. Mablin was an old Italian, whose real name was Mabellini; I fancy that he had been a priest, and that he no longer remembered it; his whole mind was absorbed by a luminous treatise he had composed on Greek accentuation. I can still see his air of compunction, as he raised his voice to announce: "Every accented syllable takes the circumflex, if it can take it." He had another passion—*Iotacism*. He proved, with crushing erudition and irresistible arguments, that Erasmus had altered the sound of two vowels and of several diphthongs, in order to render the dictation of exercises more easy. His lecture began thus: "In the first place, and *a priori*, you must discard the pronunciation of Erasmus." Adequately to describe what disdain, and at the same time what anger, there was in the way he emphasised his enemy's name, would be a hopeless task. It was a thing to be heard only. The pronunciation of Erasmus! The abomination of desolation!

M. Gibon was not a whit less learned or less extraordinary. He was Latin personified. He read and spoke it like his mother tongue. I am

not sure that even Gaston Boissier knows it better. But Boissier is an accomplished man of letters, and about letters Gibon, though he would not admit it, did not care a fig. He considered Madame de Sévigné incorrect. Victor Hugo made him writhe. He had however one talent, which presupposes strong sense : he was an admirable railer. Our poor little strokes of wit, our poor little metaphors, and our poor little scraps of declamation, when he read them, and particularly when he commented upon them, appeared as foolish to ourselves as to him. We resolved to content ourselves with being clear, without ever aspiring to a display of grace.

As for Philippe Le Bas, he had the outside of every question at his fingers' ends. You might tackle him about the most recondite, the most insignificant point of history : he had on his shelves, somewhere or other, several note-books relating to the subject of your question : first the list of general histories where the little fact was mentioned, with an indication of the best editions; then the list of special histories; then one of monographs, not forgetting publisher's name, date and place of publication, size of book, and number of editions. Thence he passed to original sources : manuscripts, monuments, *testimonia veterum et recentiorum*. Not a catalogue was written in Germany but he did not at once turn over its pages for our benefit. Of events in themselves he never told us anything, for the reason that he was ignorant of them. A child of ten years old could have beaten him at history, but he would have beaten the whole Academy of Inscriptions on bibliography.

He had been tutor to Prince Louis Napoleon, wherefore he was a Bonapartist; but he was the son of the friend and companion of Robespierre, wherefore he was a republican. More of a republican than a Bonapartist. He was one of those republicans, of whom I have known many, who used to say that Louis Napoleon had restored the Empire in order to give solidity and effect to republican ideas. He soon detected that I was a republican, and took a fancy to me on that account. He would have taught me history had he only known it, and if my ignorance of the very rudiments of the subject had not presented a well-nigh insurmountable obstacle.

How our minds had run on Jouffroy when we were at school at Vannes!

Jouffroy was no longer professor at the Normal School, but Thuillier. Or rather, Jouffroy was still nominally professor, but had given up professing. By a somewhat odd chance, it was I who succeeded him as titular professor when he definitively resigned. Cousin said to me at the time, seeing I was very nervous : "Don't think of whom you are following; think of those alongside of you."

This first-year professorship was the only professorship of philosophy in the school. Damiron taught the second year's men the history of philosophy. Cousin undertook to teach philosophy to the philosophers of the third year; but in the whole field of philosophy he had chosen Aristotle, in all Aristotle the *Metaphysics*, in the *Metaphysics* the twelfth book, and in the twelfth book the seventh chapter! Jouffroy then was the sole professor of philosophy, and he professed no longer. I don't know how or why Cousin had unearthed Thuillier to take his place. He was professor at the Saint-Louis College. He had studied under La Romiguière, and had harked back to Thomas Reid, whom he commented on correctly enough, but in a way which bored us to death. No doubt he had some vivacity; or rather we fancied now and then he was going to have some, but he checked himself in time, remembering his dignity, and dribbled out his little observations with a maddening facility and fatuity. To rid us of him they gave him a Rectorship, and substituted for him Adolphe Garnier, a genuine and acute psychologist. I fancy the Deity had but a mild interest for him; he had no opportunity of talking to us on that subject; but about sensation, external perception, memory, association of ideas, and animal instinct, neither Thomas Reid, nor Dugald Stewart, nor Georges Leroy, Park-ranger at Versailles, had any secrets for him. He was no mere echo; but a keen observer, who, on several points, saw better and farther than his masters. He spoke clearly, methodically, without imagination or enthusiasm, but sometimes with wit and always with good sense. He was one of those men who notice clearly what lies at their feet, and don't raise their head to see what is above them. I can take oath that he had never bothered himself about the divinity of Christ, original sin, redemption, grace or the sacraments. Not that he would have failed to have a ready answer on all these subjects, and on many others less akin

to philosophy. Omniscience was his foible. He is the only man I have ever known, who could have securely undergone examination for his bachelor's degree without a single trip in either Greek or history, or mathematics or physics. But he did not find the sacrament of penitence in any list of degree-subjects. He quietly believed that Jesus-Christ was a therapist who had pushed his way to the front. If he had been told that his pupil Jean Le Bris and the young blockhead Jules Simon spent their lives in wondering whether they ought to believe in the gospel of the Gospels or in that of the Savoyard Vicar, he would have said that they had mistaken the door, and would have politely shewed them the way to Saint-Sulpice.

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Having spoken of our first-year professors, I will proceed to tell you about the others, and to shew you, in black and white, that philosophy was still in the same hole which had been such a terror and despair to M. Jouffroy. It concerned itself with everything, except religious questions, which, nevertheless, count for something in the philosophy of existence. In the first place if you are not university dons (but of course you are not; what am I thinking of?) I ought to say, since you are not university dons, bear this in mind; that the first year's course at the school is a recapitulation and deeper investigation of all the subjects one has studied at college, and that the second year is devoted to the history of philosophy, and to that of Greek and Latin literature. In history properly so-called, the same division not being practicable, the second year is restricted to the history of France. Preparation for fellowships occupies the third year.

We had, as second-year professors, M. Rinn for Latin, M. Guigniaut for Greek, M. Nisard for French, M. Damiron for the history of philosophy, and M. Michelet for history. These different courses were common to all the students in philosophy, history, etc.; in the third year, each division was entirely separated from the others, and the philosophy class had henceforth only one master, M. Cousin.

I might detain you with unending praise of M. Rinn. He was perhaps

the one professor in the whole school who most thoroughly carried out the duties entrusted to him. He had a definite course which he went through from point to point, giving each question its due amount of importance, and arriving on a fixed date, with exact precision, at the end of his subject. Everything was done, and well done, by a highly cultivated man, of excellent sense, luminous in method and exposition. He would never have allowed himself the least wandering from the subject. Not one of us could have said what M. Rinn's views were on religion, on philosophy, on politics, or even on Greek. He was essentially a conventionally correct man, in whom one had absolute confidence as far as his own special subject was concerned, and to whom no one could ever have had the idea of unburdening his soul.

Nor did one think of doing this to M. Guigniaut, though for another reason, to wit, one knew in advance that his reply would be of unmeasured length and unfathomable obscurity. Habitual familiarity with symbolics had given him great breadth of view, but it was breadth without a definite boundary. There were two things he could not do, leave his seat and leave a subject. Once settled on the straw chair which served as *rostrum* for our professors, he stayed there until he was actually begged to go. He came at eight o'clock in the morning, the lesson was supposed to last an hour and a half, and it was a rare thing for him not to be still there at noon when we were called away to dinner. You can judge of the ardent longing we felt to be off, in spite of all the charms of symbolics, if you think how we had been at work since five o'clock in the morning, having stayed our young stomachs with nothing but a wretched crust of dry bread. He stuck to his subject as he did to his chair. With him we had no hope of reaching the end of the course, but we should have liked at least to get as far as the age of Pericles! Not a bit of it; he could not leave Homer. You think this a magnificent subject at any rate? By all means, but he did not broach the study of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

The question which occupied him before everything was to learn if Homer had existed, or if his admirable poems were an ancient

epic transformed and amplified by the medium of rhapsodists and "aëdes." Even then, the only clear opinion he gave us on this delicate question was that of Frederick Augustus Wolff. His own was enveloped in so many parentheses, marginal and foot-notes, that we gave up trying to understand. How was one to broach the question of original sin with such a man?

Of all our masters, M. Nisard was the nearest to us in age. He cannot have been thirty. He was at that time a young man of distinguished manners, of a winning charm in conversation, and pleasant to look upon. It was his first experience of professorial work, and he was timid and hesitating. We knew that on the resignation of M. Ampère the post had been applied for by both Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve. M. Guizot had given it to his secretary, with whom we found fault in the first place for not being Sainte-Beuve or Victor Hugo, and secondly for having become the minister's secretary, after having been the friend of Armand Carrel as well as his colleague on the *National*. We were unable to understand that for him there existed neither political nor religious questions; but simply the question of literature. Comparing Armand Carrel and Guizot as men of letters, he had given his preference to Guizot. Still less did we understand that M. Guizot had acted wisely in steering clear both of the great poet, who would have taught us nothing, or who, if he had condescended to give us a lesson, would have taught us nothing but Victor Hugo, and of the great critic, who knew admirably how to write an article, but who, despite his success at Lausanne, proved afterwards at Liège, and later on at the Normal School itself, that he was not, strictly speaking, a teacher. Nisard was the ideal master. He had clear views, ardent enthusiasm for them, absolute indifference for what was not literature, and the incomparable authority which accompanies consummate good sense and imperturbable conviction. He protested vehemently against the facile school of literature. That was not the school of Victor Hugo, but it was the school of his disciples. I confidently assert that no entreaties on our part would have drawn M. Nisard into a theological discussion. What he admired in Bossuet was the metal out of which his phrase is forged.

But kind, gentle, wise Damiron, the true type of the good man and the philosopher, the type also of the professor in his attachment to his duties, his punctuality, his devotion to science, his affection for his pupils, was he not the best and the surest of confidants? Do not doubt it. He was confidant, friend, and father. A master he was not. Good sense he had, but within a narrow range. He had some acquaintance with every school : there was not one he had not visited. He did not stop at the threshold, he entered the rooms, inspected them, made an exact inventory of the furniture, gave an attentive ear to what was being said there, and did not quite know on coming out again what had been the point of discussion.

Quite another sort of man was Michelet. Shall I be frank with you? There were only two real masters in the school, Cousin and Michelet. I mean two masters in philosophy. Michelet, you may not perhaps know, had been professor of philosophy. But what matters the title? He was still professor of philosophy in his class of history. He narrated facts when he chose; and he did it with a spirit, a grace, and a flow of erudition, imagination, discoveries, views and judgments, which delighted and kindled the enthusiasm of his audience; but even then, it was a theory he was expounding, it was the struggle of ideas he was narrating, it was eternal and universal law which was involved in the battle of ephemeral facts and individual passions. May be, said Jean Le Bris, he is a great man of the Decadence : but a great man he most assuredly is—a man of genius.

He would make his appearance, punctual to the hour, skipping about and smiling, with his rosy and boyish face under his bushy crown of white hair, wrapped in an overcoat which reached to his heels and was of that red colour we used to call *hell-fire*. His eyes gleamed like carbuncles, while we crowded round him for a shake of the hand. He rarely sat down or made us sit down. Generally, he remained standing by the stove, and seemed to slip naturally into the conversation. In reality he guided it. He fertilized our minds for more than an hour. Sometimes we fancied, on leaving him, that he had taught us nothing. He had taught us nothing of the details of the question; he had inspired

us with the strength requisite to judge it from a lofty stand-point and to grasp it. Jean told me he used to leave the class now in a transport, and now utterly nonplussed. For, in point of fact, Michelet was many-sided, like all philosophers who are also poets. Sometimes he would speak of Catholicism with such enthusiasm that Jean thought himself at the foot of the pulpit. Next day, it was Luther's turn, Luther who struck down the Roman monster and saved humanity from superstition and corruption.



The master to whom Jean Le Bris looked for salvation only aggravated his malady.

When Le Bris was in his third year, under Cousin, and I in my second, under Michelet, I took up all our talk with pæans to the glory of my new master. I had never heard nor dreamed of any one like him. Jean had become cooler, without ceasing to be his admirer. I fancied that Cousin, in his turn, had got hold of him. I knew also that he had been admitted to intimacy by Michelet who, with a certain tenacity, had confined all their conversation to history. "He is an eclectic", said Jean to me with a touch of sadness. "You are mistaken," I answered with a laugh, "it is Cousin who is the apostle of eclecticism." "Yes," he rejoined, "I find the theory in Cousin and the practice in Michelet. Cousin is always in

the same stage. I know well enough what he is. He is the Savoyard Vicar. Tell me whether Michelet is a Protestant or a Catholic?" "He is," said I, "neither one nor the other." "Or he is both in turn."

It seemed to me a hard verdict, but one thing quite clear was that we did not find in the school the peace we sought. To open our hearts to Cousin was out of the question. We might, I dare say, have braved his anger; but his scorn and his sarcasms bereft us of all presence of



mind. When he had no reasons to give and wished to avoid a question, his tone towards his interlocutor became so personal, so full of haughty and harsh disdain that, unless one had the right by position and talent to silence him in his turn, one remained simply crushed. His life with his inferiors was one long monologue, an everlasting sermon. We knew what his answer to our question would be without asking it. Between philosophy and Christianity he had established a sort of concordat as dear to him as the Concordat of 1801, about which he was an enthusiast. Whether we believed or whether we did not believe, whether we observed religious duties or not, he neither cared nor even wanted to know (though he always did know). He himself gave us no insight into his own belief. "That is my confessor's business," he would say with a provoking smile

and a twinkling eye. Provided that no heterodox doctrine crept into the teaching, and that formal respect was observed towards the Church and its Ministers, he was satisfied, and thought all the world ought to be so too. He refrained from anything like real conformity, but he had no scruples about bending the knee. At the school, he insisted on everyone attending mass, and behaving decently there, but when an attempt was made to impose a chaplain on us he was inflexible. He composed a catechism with his own hand, because he thought Catholicism worth propagating; and he did not sign it, because he neither could nor would make public profession of Catholicism. He also published a popular edition of the *Vicaire Savoyard* with an eloquent preface. As we listened to his Sunday lessons, or to the exhortations he was continually addressing to us as to the policy to be observed towards the clergy, to us who had a thorough contempt for such diplomacy, and understood nothing outside either open rupture or filial submission, Jouffroy's disconsolate phrase kept returning to our minds: "All philosophy was in a hole where one panted for fresh air, and where my soul, but just exiled from Christianity, felt stifled." We felt stifled, like Jouffroy, and we got nothing from him but the knowledge of his complaint. Had he found the truth which he sought and for which we were sighing? All our masters, except this one, had other cares than ours; and this one was silent. It was permissible to ask whether the eternal world existed, or whether it was only a subjective form of our own perceptions; whether God was separated from the world, or whether he was merely distinct from it; we dipped into the question of creation and pantheism, and even into that of future life, but grace, sin, redemption, and the rest, was only rubbish fit for seminarists. One of our good friends, to whom we confided our doubts said to us with a sneer: "Read Voltaire's letters." He is now a member of the Institute, and that after having spent his whole life in reading them.

Our malady was, however, no isolated case. It was not so in Brittany, particularly at the Vannes College. That was a college of the good old times, ignorant and credulous like the good old times. Several of our professors, our principal, M. Jéhannot, at their head, had been professors at the

same college before the Revolution. After "the troubles," they had resumed their place, their ideas, and their methods, not without having some suspicion of the *innovations* which were current outside, but with the firm resolution to guard their pupils from them. Half of them were priests, and the rest more devout than priests. Not being able to wear a coif at church, they wore a black silk cap, and in the streets, having no cassock, they wrapped themselves in a sort of big cloak or padded silk overcoat. M. Monnier pointed out to us, with some complacency, that this also was a vestment clinging to the heels, *vestis talaris*. Their pupils did not read Voltaire either at school, or after having left school. Those who did not enter the seminary fell, by degrees, into practical unbelief; but they remained, so to speak, Christians and Catholics in theory, ready to defend Catholicism if it was attacked. The freethinkers among them spoke of religion with an air of profundity as being "a capital thing for women."

At the Normal School, we did not find this mixture of conformity and indifference; but, among the vast majority, pronounced unbelief, and, among a very small number, tranquil and public adherence to religion. Our annals show that it has ever been thus. We reckon among us, a Trappist, Jousse, a Vicar-General of Paris, Bautain; several priests, Johannet, Rara, Marmier, one Dominican, Hensheim; three Jesuits, Olivaint, Verdère, Pharon; one bishop. By the way, Father Pharon was head of the Saint-François-Xavier College at Vannes. There were no future ecclesiastics among our contemporaries properly so called; but three or four fervent Catholics in the midst of ardent Voltarians. *We* were neither Voltarians nor Catholics. We sat on the fence, though we had a burning desire to believe. After all we were the only unfortunates, or, if that expression is wounding to Catholics, I will say we were the most unfortunate.

We had been professed churchmen, as, for that matter, were all the youngsters of our time, even in the big towns, even in Paris. Jean Le Bris had been so with enthusiasm. He had a passionate affection for the Catholic creed, which is quite another thing from holding it. Regarded as philosophy, he considered it profound; as a rule of life full of potency; as poetry adorable. When he was carried away by his thoughts in our conversations I always felt that, had he persisted in his first vocation,

he would have been a preacher of extraordinary power. I remember one day when he was coming away from a lecture of M. Cousin's. He had been reading with him the seventh chapter, of the twelfth book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics* : "Watching, feeling, and thinking are for us the height of happiness and so, consequently, are hoping and remembering. But God has neither hope nor remembrance, for in him is the fulness of deed and thought. He sets in motion without being moved, as the desirable and the intelligible——" He repeated these fine sentences, which go so far back among the ages and lift our thoughts so high. "And that is God," he said with Aristotle. He was astounded, dazed. Thence he passed on to the commentary of Saint Thomas, for he read the subject incessantly, and he said that the doctrines of Saint Thomas and Aristotle were one and the same : *Deus est actus immanens*. We perceived that metaphysics, brought to this height, produced on the mind precisely the same effect as the most sublime poetry, with this advantage in favour of philosophy that it gives the impression of reality, while, even in the midst of one's enthusiasm, one remembers, as it were in spite of one's self, that poetry is only a dream.

Then arose, on his side, or mine, many objections. The first was, that by dint of explaining or finding a formula for creation, Saint Thomas arrived at opinions which are anathematised when found in the writings of Spinoza. It often chanced to us to enter some church, Notre-Dame or Saint-Séverin. We did not go there to pray, but to think, in the religious majesty of their vast solitude. Now and then we would catch sight of some young priest, silently pacing under the arches. Jean would cast looks of envy at him, saying in his heart : "If I only could!"

We had redoubled our efforts to find elsewhere the advice and the light we could not find at the school.

Nothing deterred us, neither churlish welcomes, nor disappointments, nor long, useless expeditions in out-of-the-way neighbourhoods. I may say that we had laid siege to M. Jouffroy.

We had begun at the beginning, that is to say by calling straightforwardly at his house, in the hope that the mere fact of our being scholars of the Normal School would open the door for us. We were

not admitted. Jean, not easily discouraged, returned more than once to the charge. Always the same answer; obviously a case of settled purpose. We begged Damiron to intervene. Damiron, Jouffroy's dearest friend, refused quietly, but still refused. We were forced to suppose that he was jealous of the time or health of his friend. We tried writing. Jean concocted a splendid letter in which he poured out his whole heart, and to which a master-mind like Jouffroy's could not be insensible. He got a very short note in reply, full of kindly advice, but, at bottom, only a put off. It was clear that Jouffroy either could not or would not become our professor, or rather the director of our consciences.

I found out later, when I was on a footing of intimacy with him, that he was still troubled with an unhealthy susceptibility in regard to religious problems. Our questions would have been painful to him. Time would have failed him for going to the root of the matter with us. He did not know whether our case was one of mere superficial restlessness or of intelligent and passionate seeking after truth. He was kind, without being expansive. The more he unbosomed himself to his actual friends, the more disinclined he was for new friendships.

Repulsed in this direction, we had bethought us of the clergy. We attended every Thursday the course of theology held on that day. I soon got tired of that. Jean stuck to it, and, in reality, profited nothing. For my part, I went to visit M. Anadèle. The name is possibly unknown to you. He was considered in certain circles, as what the Gospels call a fisher of souls. At that time, unless I am mistaken, he was Procurator General of the Lazarists. He was subsequently head of that fraternity. He received me gravely and kindly. I spoke to him about Jean; I told him our story. He let me know plainly that he would not see Jean except at his own invitation; that some guarantee must be forthcoming of the consistency of his character; that he had left the seminary too abruptly and too openly; that he would have had a better chance there than in the outside world of clearing up his doubts or of discussing them with himself. I held, on the contrary, that my friend had acted frankly and uprightly. This gave rise to fundamental disagreement between the

venerable priest and myself. Speaking of my own case, he said he would gladly undertake the guidance of my soul, and that he had hopes of bringing me back to the "faith of the simple-minded," but that he was neither a dialectician nor a professor, but a confessor only, and ready on the spot to listen to me. "Not," he said, "to profession of faith, for there can be no question of absolution here; it would be simply an act of humility and right-mindedness."

That was not what I had come for. I told him I could not agree to take a step which looked like conforming, when I felt within me naught but a lively desire and a glimmering of hope. He gave in on the spot, like a doctor who is unwilling to force the confidence of his patient, and asked me if I attended the Abbé Lacordaire's lectures. "He gives them for the benefit of unbelieving students, who regret their unbelief," he explained, "that's just the state of your mind. Go and hear him, and take Jean Le Bris with you. Let me know what your impressions are, and, though I am unwilling to engage in controversy with philosophers of your calibre," he smilingly added, "count upon my experience and my advice."

I had occasion later on to narrate this conversation to M. Cousin. "Mark," he said to me, "what wisdom there is in these priests. You would have cornered him in a discussion. Once he had you on your knees before him, he would have managed and led you at will."



All this was in the year 1834. The Abbé Lacordaire did not join the order of Saint Dominic until nearly eight years later, in 1840. He was not yet at the height of his reputation as an orator. He was chiefly known as having been the friend of La Mennais and his colleague on the *Avenir* newspaper. Lacordaire had studied law at Dijon. There he had been conspicuous, above all the students, for his passionate hostility to Christianity. Suddenly converted, he had sought refuge within Saint-Sulpice. Become a priest, he had ranged himself alongside the Ultramontanes, under the orders of La Mennais, the chief of the party. He wrote with him in the *Avenir*. La Mennais was the philosopher, the master-mind, Gerbet

was the theologian, De Coudré the scholar, Lacordaire and Montalembert were the apostles and polemicists, one, an old school chaplain, the other, a peer of France, both united by a common ardour and a close friendship. The action against the *école libre* had brought them fame, and the sympathy of the very enemies of the liberty they claimed. It was the honourable distinction of that time to welcome all generous enterprises. People resisted them, but admired them. Men did justice to their enemies, a proof of elevation and of strength.

La Mennais had just solemnly broken with Rome. Lacordaire had not hesitated between his faith and his friend. While La Mennais started an apostleship of a new sort by the publication of the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, he, on his side, started his Christian apostleship by his lectures at the Stanislas College.

The college was situated on the spot where we still see it; but it had not the extent and importance it has acquired in the these latter years. It was a kind of little seminary or ecclesiastical boarding-school, inferior in the matter of studies to the other Paris schools, but was safer or seemed so, in the eyes of Christian families. I taught philosophy there for a few weeks only, in 1839, while Ozanam was lecturing there on rhetoric, before going to Lyons to occupy the chair of commercial law which had been founded specially for him. The chapel in which M. Lacordaire's lectures were held, did not hold more than four hundred persons. Only young people were admitted. At one o'clock the place was full. You sat where you could; the greater number remained standing. There were hot friends there and adversaries too. Everybody was expectant and respectful. No one would have had the notion of coming there as to some mundane diversion. Lacordaire entered by a side door communicating with the sacristy, without being announced or led in; he was thin at that time; he had expressive features, bright eyes, an air at once ardent and collected. Without his black cassock he might have passed for one of ourselves. He wore no surplice. He threw himself on his knees and ascended the pulpit a few minutes later. He preached *extempore*. It was religion itself that spoke. It was also the voice of youth, the youth of his time. His thoughts, his feelings, his passions,

his prejudices even, were our own, but dominated, regulated by faith and the love of God. His thought spoke directly to the thought of each of us; exciting in some revolt; in others boundless admiration; for no one was he beside or outside the question. When he left the pulpit there was a rush to get away, and discussion, ardent, impassioned discussion,



began on all sides, before even people were outside the doors. The dominant feeling in the auditory was enthusiastic belief. The first time I heard him, I said to Le Bris, on our way back to the Normal School: "He will turn monk."

Every Sunday we brought with us a large party of our comrades. Generally speaking they displayed a refractory spirit. Émile Saisset was almost violent in his opposition: "It is nothing at all," he said, "mere oratorical pomp; some few flashes of light; a great void." I was irritated by these criticisms, for I felt just the con-

trary; was moved all the while and sometimes in transports. Jean Le Bris was reserved and self-centred. Nevertheless he returned with me to each lecture, and he was the first to suggest we should go and see the preacher at home.

We had to make many journeys, and to secure many influences before we could get ourselves admitted. He was charming, but refused to satisfy us. He allowed us, however, to continue to visit him; we went again two or three times, without feeling encouraged to start a controversy. I was among the students who went to get the Archbishop of Paris to transfer the discourses from Stanislas to Notre-Dame. I was sorry later that we succeeded. I found at Notre-Dame this great preacher of old;

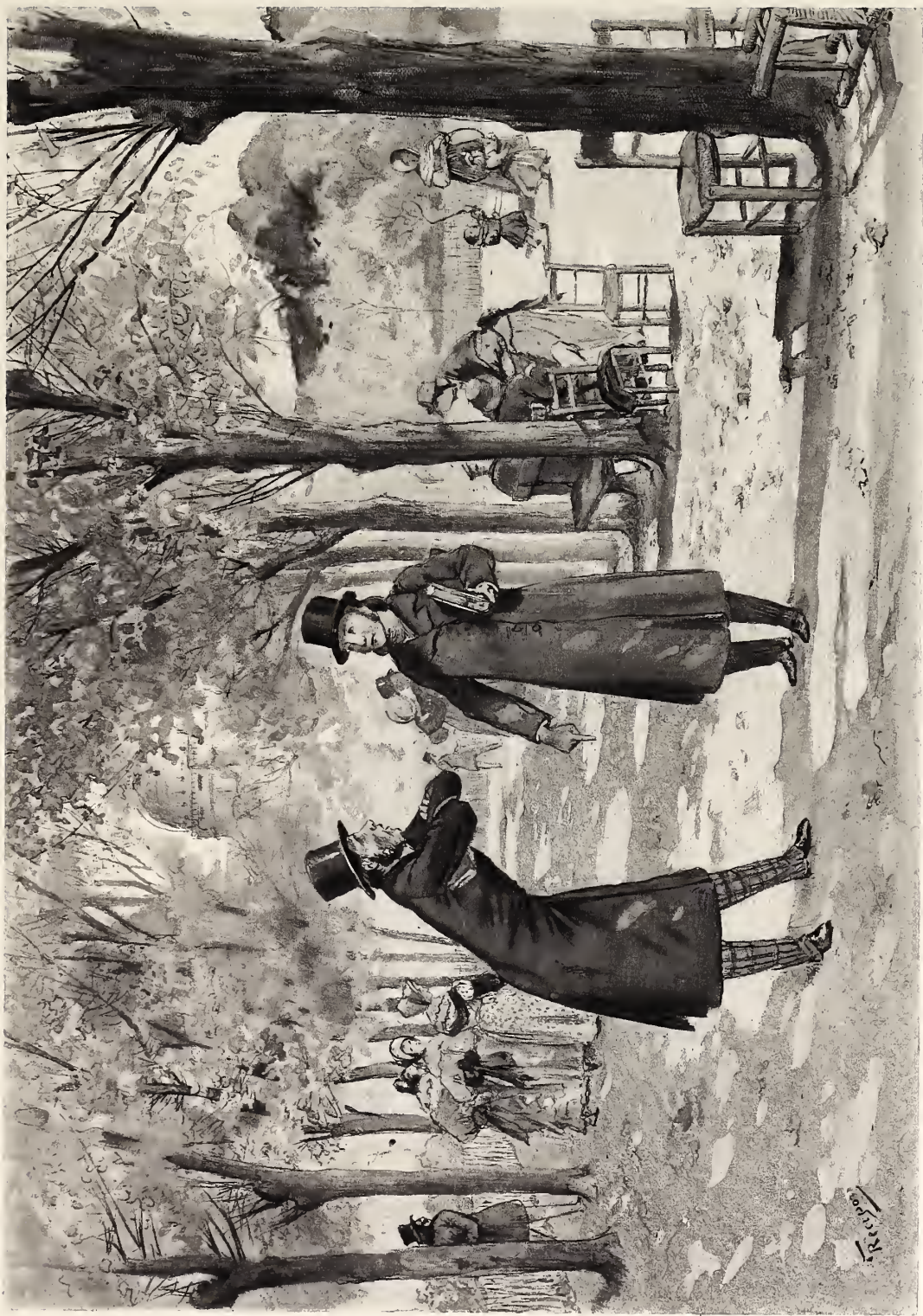
I did not again find, in the same degree, the master-mind. Besides we were now thrown back on ourselves, and no longer sought support and guidance out of doors. The work of the school became absorbing, as it always is at the end of the year, with the examinations coming on. I had reached the top of my section. I was sure of getting admitted in philosophy; but there was need for at last and vigorous effort. The absence of early instruction had forced me to give up history, which would have been my subject by choice. I was beginning to be undeceived with regard to metaphysics, and I was already making up my mind for the study of social and political questions. I had, moreover, never been doubtful about the great truths of natural religion, and I could, without scruple, undertake the work of teaching. I brought to it, even at this early stage, an apostolic fervour. I spent the whole of my third year between Plato and Aristotle, in accordance with the fellowship programme, and I became more and more intimate with M. Cousin.

I use the word intimate designedly, for favourite he had none. I fancy he had need of thinking aloud, and to think aloud, he wanted a companion by his side, into whose ear he might pour his eloquence. He liked him better intelligent than stupid, but if the intelligent companion was not to hand, he contented himself with the other. How many times have I seen my friends coming out of his study glowing with pride and saying: "He has been expounding the whole doctrine to me!" Cousin also deceived himself on these occasions, notwithstanding his knowledge of men and his mental penetration, inasmuch as he was grateful to his auditor for the fine things that he, Cousin, himself had been saying.

Jean Le Bris was the confidant of 1835, as I was destined to be the confidant of 1836. Everything went well for Le Bris at first. Cousin saw he was understood, and rejoiced. One of his great qualities was the power of bringing out talent. He divined and encouraged it up to the moment when he began to fear it. Between Le Bris and himself there were a few skirmishes. One day, for example, when Cousin was undertaking the panegyric of Talleyrand, Le Bris protested. "I only hope for one thing," said Cousin, "to be one day entrusted with delivering a eulogy on him." Talleyrand was then eighty. The discussion was a

somewhat sharp one. Le Bris was remorseful about it. "But what was I to do", he said! "This fellow Talleyrand has spent his life in lying and betraying." Similar scenes took place between them several times. At last Le Bris abandoned all restraint. Cousin was in process of explaining to him the conduct he should observe next year towards the chaplain, "I shan't do that," said Le Bris; then the language he should use towards the Vicar, "I shan't say that," again answered Le Bris. "What, sir, am I then not master of my own regiment!" "I never have and never will have any other master than my own conscience." Cousin calmed down at once: "Who is talking of forcing your conscience? I am speaking of a wise and prudent rule of conduct in conformity with the interests of the University and the State; and I expect you to follow it." "I have tried my hardest to believe in revealed religion," replied Le Bris; "but I have been, so to speak, floored by the examination of texts and the attentive study of doctrines. I neither ought nor will, nor can dissimulate. The parent ought to know to whom he is entrusting his child." "My good sir, he entrusts it to the State; he entrusts it to me, who am your chief——" You can imagine the rest of this conversation. Le Bris narrated it to me word for word the same evening. It was the eve of the fellowship examination. "Are you aware," said Cousin to him, "that I have the power of striking you off the list of candidates?"

I am sure he would not have struck him off; but would have assigned him some safe post, and would have given a watchful eye to his teaching. I am sure, too, that Le Bris was quite capable of treating the Normal School as he had treated the seminary three years before. But the difficulty was settled without the action of either. Work, anxiety, and worries had been too much for Jean Le Bris' constitution. He had to be removed to the sick-ward; there Cousin visited him several times, busied himself about his comfort, offered him, after his recovery, a better post than what, having missed his fellowship, he had a right to expect. Le Bris refused. He made fruitless attempts to write for the papers, sought private pupils, found none, and, dying of starvation, ultimately got an ushership in M. Jauffret's school. I saw soon enough that he was not beaten and that he would start life afresh. He shut up his Saint Jerome, bade farewell



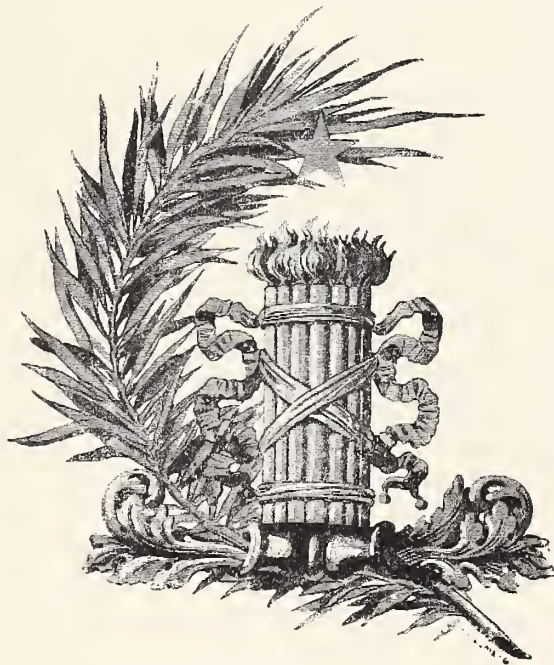
to philosophy and theology, refused to see his former friends (making, however, one exception), and devoted every moment of his leisure to writing a novel which is a master-piece I don't know how he managed to get it printed. M. Ebrard, the modest publisher of the Rue des Jacobins, whose son became a University inspector, did not sell a single copy of it. The edition was exhausted, ten years afterwards, when the author had become famous. You have to give its weight in gold for one of these volumes now that its author is illustrious.

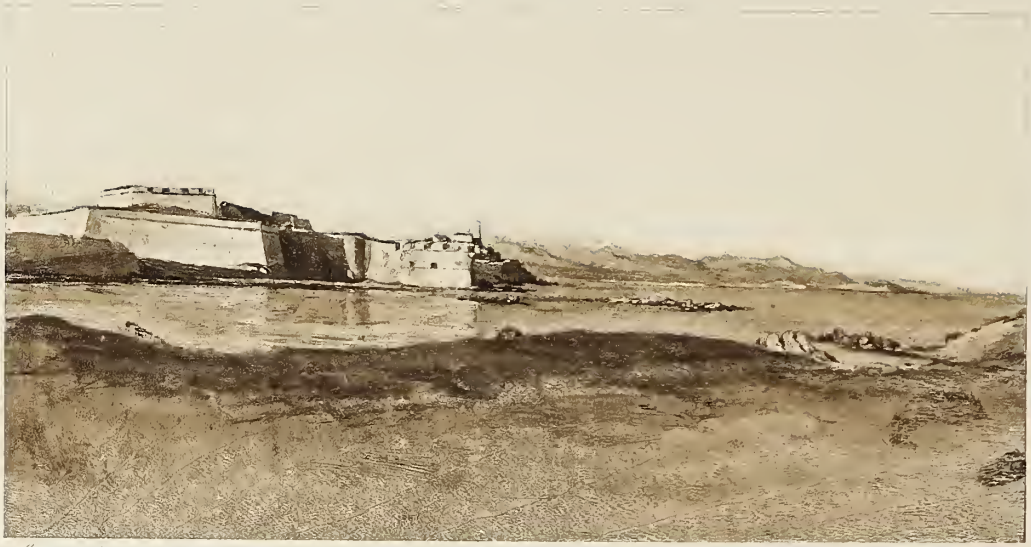
I sometimes say to him, when we are returning together from a sitting of the Academy : "Do you remember our wanderings in search of a Director?"

"Oh," he answers, "if I could find one to-day he would be welcome!"

A Director! Happy the men—and the people—who possess one.

JULES SIMON.





Cherbourg, France

AFLOAT

The reader will not find any interesting story or adventure in this journal. Last spring while making a short cruise along the shores of the Mediterranean, I amused myself in writing down, each day, what I saw, and what I thought.

To be brief, I saw water, sunshine, clouds, and rocks — nothing else, — and I thought as one must needs think when rocked and carried along listlessly by wind and tide.

*
* * *

April 6th.

I was fast asleep, when my coxswain, Bernard, threw some sand at my window. I opened it, and immediately felt the cool, delicious night air

which, as I inhaled it, invigorated every fibre. The clear, blue sky was illumined by the tremulous light of countless stars.

The sailor, standing by the wall, called out :

“Fine weather, sir!”

“How’s the wind?”

“Off the land.”

“All right. I’m coming.”

Half an hour later I was hurrying down to the boat. The horizon was pale with early dawn, and I could see, beyond the Baie des Anges, the distant lights of Nice, and the still more distant revolving light of Villefranche.

Before me, but as yet only vaguely seen in the partial darkness, was Antibes, its two towers presiding over the conically-built town, which even now, is enclosed by Vauban’s old fortifications.

In the streets I noticed a few dogs and some early workmen. In the harbour, nought but the gentle rocking of the tartans along the quay, and the ceaseless rippling of the almost still water; now and then the creaking of a hawser as it tightened itself, or the sound of a boat grazing the hull of a vessel. The boats, the stones, and the sea, seemed to be sleeping under the glistening firmament and under the eye of the lighthouse which stood on the pier, and kept watch over the little harbour.

Further on, opposite Ardouin the shipbuilder’s yard, I saw a light, I was conscious something was astir, and then the sound of voices fell on my ear.

They were waiting for me. The *Bel-Ami* was ready to start.

I went into the cabin which was lighted by two candles, suspended after the manner of compasses, at the foot of the sofas which, at night-time, served as beds. I put on my fur jacket and a warm cap, and went on deck. We had already cast off from our berth, and my two men were about to heave the anchor.

Then the mainsail was slowly hoisted, with the monotonous groan of pulleys and mast, and as it rose, broad and pallid, in the feeble light, and already flapping in the puffs of wind, it shut out our view of the heavens.

The keen, dry wind—feeble, fitful, and seemingly but half-awake—told of the snowy heights of the mountain range still invisible to us.

We weighed anchor. I took the helm, and the vessel glided phantom-like over the tranquil water. To clear the harbour we had to thread our way among slumbering tartans and schooners, proceeding slowly from one quay to another, with our small boat in tow, following us like a young swan follows its mother.

As soon as we reached the channel between the pier and the square fort, the yacht became more spirited and joyous, and mended her pace accordingly, cutting through the small, innumerable waves, which appeared as the changeable furrows of a vast plain. After the dead water of the harbour, she seemed imbued with the life of the ocean.

As there was no swell on, we passed between the walls of the town and the buoy which marks the main channel, and, running before the wind, I steered to double the point.

With the dawn of day the stars withdrew their light, the lighthouse of Villefranche, closed its eye for the last time, and I could see, in the distant sky beyond Nice, which, however, was hidden from view, fantastic, roseate gleams, shooting forth from the crests of Alpine glaciers, touched by the fingers of Aurora.

I gave the helm to Bernard in order to watch the sun rise. The freshening breeze made us skim gaily over the quivering, violet-tinted waves. A distant bell sent forth the three rapid strokes of the *Angelus*. How is it that the sound of bells seems more stirring at daybreak than at sunset? I like this cold, brisk morning time, when man is sleeping, and nature awakening. The atmosphere is full of mysterious shudderings unknown to those who rise late. We inhale, we drink, we see the renewed life of Mother Earth—the life which pervades the universe, and whose secret is the endless disquiet of our existence.

“We shall have an east wind soon,” said Raymond.

“I fancy it will be west,” rejoined Bernard.

Bernard, the coxswain, is a slim, active man, remarkably tidy, painstaking, and cautious, bearded up to the eyes, with a pleasant look and voice : a genuine, straightforward fellow. But at sea everything disturbs him ; a

sudden swell, the forerunner of an approaching breeze, a cloud lying along the Esterel presaging a mistral from the west; even a rising barometer, for it may mean a squall from the opposite quarter. A good sailor, nevertheless, looking after everything with unflagging zeal, and practising neatness to such a point as to give the brass fittings a rub the moment they are touched by a drop of water.

Raymond, his brother-in-law, who, in contrast, wears a moustache, is a fine, well-built, dark-complexioned young man, fearless and indefatigable, candid and reliable, as Bernard, though of a cooler and less excitable disposition, and enduring stoically the surprises and treacheries of the sea.

Bernard, Raymond, and the barometer are always at variance, and from morning to night, an amusing comedy is going on before me, in which the silent actor is invariably the best informed of the three.

“By Jove, sir,” exclaimed Bernard, “she’s going well!”

In fact we had already passed the Bay of Salis, and the conical hill named La Garoupe, and were nearing Cape Gros, a flat, low rock, flush with the waves.

Now the chain of the Alps becomes visible, resembling a wave of monstrous size, sufficient to overwhelm the sea itself : a wave of granite crested with snow, its pointed summits appearing as jets of foam, congealed and motionless. And as the sun rises behind their dull mass, its light, falling on this region of ice, transforms it into a flow of liquid silver.

As we double the Cape of Antibes, we descry the two islands of Lérins, and, far beyond, the tortuous chain of the Esterel mountains. The Esterel is the decoration of Cannes, and has all the charm of a keepsake landscape, outlined with wayward fancy, yet consummate art; it is like a water-colour drawing by the hand of a beneficent Being, to serve as a model to English ladies with a taste for sketching, and as an object of admiration to consumptive or unemployed Highnesses.

No hour in the day but the Esterel assumes a different aspect, and charms the eyes of the aristocratic visitors at Cannes.

The line of hills stands out in the morning, clearly and sharply defined on a sky of a pure and delicate blue, that blue so appropriate, so beautiful, and so characteristic of Mediterranean shores. But in the evening, the

wooded slopes darken, and form a sombre patch on a fiery sky, intensely theatrical and red. Nowhere else have I seen these fairy-land sunsets, these conflagrations of the entire horizon, this bursting forth of clouds, this superb stage-like scenery, this daily repetition of extravagant and gorgeous effects which compel admiration, yet, if pictured by the hand of man, would excite a smile.

The islands of Lérins, which form the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Cannes, and separate it from the Gulf of Juan, seem as if they had been removed from some operetta scenery, and deposited there for the enjoyment of winter residents and invalids.

From the open sea, where we now are, they look like two gardens of a dark green pushed into the water. Further off, at the extremity of Saint-Honorat, there stands, emerging from the sea, and constantly beaten by the waves, a truly romantic ruin—a castle such as Walter Scott would have admired and described, and where, in times gone by, the monks resisted the Saracens. For Saint-Honorat always belonged to some religious order, except during the Revolution, when the island was purchased by an actress of the Théâtre-Français.

A strong castle, warrior monks, at the present day Trappists, fat, smiling, and soliciting, a pretty player, who doubtless came to hide her amours in this pine and thicket-covered islet so charmingly surrounded with a necklace of rocks,—everything, even to the Florian-like names of Lérins, Saint-Honorat, Sainte-Marguerite, breathes of love, coquetry, poetry, romance, and is withal a little insipid, on this delicious sea-shore of Cannes.

In rivalry of the fine old crenelated edifice that Saint-Honorat displays towards the sea, Sainte-Marguerite is terminated landwards by the celebrated fortress in which the Man with the Iron Mask and Bazaine have been confined. A channel, a little less than a mile across, stretches from the point of La Croisette to this castle, which looks like an old dilapidated house with nothing stately or majestic about it,—squatting, dull and artful, a real prisoner's mouse-trap.

I am now in sight of three bays,—on the further side of the island the Gulf of Cannes; nearer, the Gulf of Juan; and behind me, the Baie des Anges, commanded by the Alps, and their snowy summits. Still further

off, the coast line can be traced beyond the Italian frontier, and with my glass I can make out white Bordighera at the end of a promontory.

And everywhere along this extended shore, the towns by the water's edge, the villages on the sides of the hills, the innumerable villas scattered throughout the foliage and verdure of the landscape, look like white eggs that have been laid on the sands, or on the rocks, or in the pine forests, by monstrous birds which, during the night, have come from the snow country yonder.

On the cape of Antibes,—a long excrescence of land, a wondrous garden thrown between two seas, where grow the most beautiful flowers of Europe—we still see villas, and, at the extreme point, Eilen-Roc, an enchanting, fantastic residence, easily and frequently visited from Nice and Cannes.

The wind has now fallen, the yacht is only just moving. When the land breeze, which continues the entire night, fails us, we await anxiously the sea breeze, which will be welcome from whatever quarter it reaches us.

Bernard still hopes for a westerly breeze, Raymond for an easterly one. The barometer has been stationary for some time, a little below 30 inches.

The sun's rays now flood the earth, the walls of the houses sparkle in the distance like snow scattered here and there, and the sea is covered with a clear, blue-tinted, luminous glaze.

By availing ourselves of the slightest puffs of those gentle breathings of the atmosphere which, though scarcely perceptible, are nevertheless sufficient to propel a well-constructed and properly canvassed craft, we pass, very, very slowly, the last point of the cape, and there lies before us the Gulf of Juan with the squadron in the centre.

At a distance the ironclads resemble rocks, or islets, or reefs with the trunks of former vegetation still standing. The eye catches sight of the smoke of a train, as it runs, along the shore, from Cannes to Juan-les-Pins—a station which, ere long, will perhaps be the prettiest along the whole coast.

Three tartans with high lateen sails, one red, the others white, are lying in the channel between Sainte-Marguerite and the mainland.

It is a calm, a soft warm calm of a spring morning in the south, and already I seem to have quitted the hubbub and turmoil of life weeks ago—nay, months, and even years!

I become conscious of the excitement of solitude, the mild intoxication of a repose that nothing will disturb, neither letter, nor telegram, neither a knock at the door, nor the barking of my dog. I cannot be called, invited, fetched, oppressed with smiles, or worried with civilities. I am alone, quite alone, quite free.

It's travelling fast, the smoke of that train on shore! But here am I floating in a winged house, a house pretty as a bird, small as a nest, comfortable as a hammock, which rocks itself, wanders over the deep at the pleasure of the wind, and holds to nothing.

I have, for assistance in the management of the boat, two sailors who take me whithersoever I bid them; I have a few books on board, and provisions for fifteen days! Fifteen days without talking! What bliss!

The heat of the sun was making me doze, and I was just experiencing the profound rest of this sea life, when Bernard said almost to himself :

“That brig yonder has some wind!”

Yonder, indeed, a long way off, opposite Agay, a brig is approaching us. With the aid of my glass I can plainly see its sails bulged with wind.

“Ha! that's the land breeze from Agay,” replies Raymond. “It's calm enough at Cape Roux.”

“Say what you like,” observes Bernard, “we shall get a west wind.”

I stoop to have a look at the barometer in the cabin. I find it has fallen during the last half-hour, and I mention the fact to Bernard, who smiles and murmurs :

“It feels the west wind coming, sir.”

No more rest; my curiosity is aroused, that curiosity so peculiar to sea voyagers, which causes them to see everything, to make a note of everything, and to become enthusiastic over the most trifling circumstance. My glass never leaves my eyes; I note the colour of the water on the horizon, but still it keeps clear and glistening; if there is any wind, it must be a long way off.

Among sailors, what a real personality the wind has! It is spoken of

as a man, as a sovereign who is all-powerful—at times terrible, at others beneficent. He is the most frequent subject of our conversation throughout the day. To our thoughts he is present day and night. You, landsmen, do not know him; we, sailors, know him—the invisible, capricious, dissembling, treacherous, fierce giant!—better than we know our own kith and kin. We love him and dread him, we know his tricks and his wrath, which we have slowly learnt to foretell by the tokens of sea and sky. We have to think of him every moment of our lives, for the struggle between him and us is never ended. Our whole being is alert for the encounter; the eye seeking to detect imperceptible signs, the skin receiving his caress or his blow, the mind recognizing his mood, anticipating his surprises, judging whether he is going to be quiet or troublesome. With him is always present the sensation of an impending conflict, such as no enemy—not even woman—forces upon us, together with the necessity of being ever on our guard, for he is the lord of the sea, one whom we may hide from, or utilise, but whom we can never tame. And in the mind of the sailor, as with the faithful, there is a supreme idea of a wrathful, formidable deity—a mysterious, infinite, religious faith in the wind and its power.

“There he is, sir,” said Bernard.

Far off, on the very verge of the horizon, a streak of blue black [is to be seen on the water; a mere nothing—an almost imperceptible darkening— *there he is!*

Motionless, in the heat of the sun, we wait. I look at my watch. It is eight o'clock, and I say to Bernard :

“Rather early for a west wind.”

“It will blow hard after midday,” is his reply.

I cast my eyes on the torpid, lifeless sail. Its shining, white, triangular form seems to reach the sky, for we have hoisted our topsail and its yard extends some six or seven feet beyond the summit of the mast. Not the slightest motion now : we might fancy ourselves on land. The barometer is still going down. Meanwhile, that dark streak in the distance is getting nearer. The bright metallic lustre of the sea, suddenly tarnished, becomes a slaty hue. Yet is the sky serene, and cloudless.

All at once, around us, on the water smooth as a sheet of steel, glide hither and thither rapid shudderings, almost imperceptible and gone as soon as seen, as if a thousand pinches of fine sand were thrown into the water. The sail shakes, very slightly, then the boom slowly shifts to starboard. I feel the softest breath of wind on my face, the shudderings increase fast, as if a continual rain of sand was now falling. The yacht already begins to move. She glides on, and a very slight ripple breaks along the side. The tiller, its sheath of bright copper glistening in the rays of the sun with a fiery glow, straightens itself in my hand, and the breeze gets stronger every second. We shall have to tack, but what of that? The cutter rises well to the wind, and, if the wind does not fall, we shall reach Saint-Raphaël at night-fall.

We draw near the squadron. The six ironclads and the two tenders swing slowly at anchor, bringing their stems to the west. We bear off so as to pass under the lee of the Formigues, marked out by a tower in the middle of the bay. The wind freshens more and more with astounding rapidity and the waves rise short and hurried. The cutter bends over under full sail, and runs on, followed by the canoe with its rope taut, its nose in the air, and its stern low in the water, between two ridges of foam. On approaching Saint-Honorat, we pass near a bare red rock named Saint-Ferréol so bristling with rough, jagged points that walking is only possible by placing one's foot in the hollows, and proceeding with great caution.

In the depressions and fissures of the rock a little earth has collected, whence is hard to say; and therein certain species of lilies and charming blue irises—whose seed, one fancies, fell from the sky—have taken to grow.

On this weird rock, in the open sea, was buried and hidden for five years, the body of Paganini.

The episode is worthy of the life of this unearthly, skeleton-like musician, so singular in gait, build and features, who, they said, was possessed of the devil, and whose superhuman talent and cadaverous thinness made him a legendary being, a character fit for Hoffmann.

It was while he was returning to his native town, Genoa, in com-



pany with his son, who alone then could understand him, so weak had his voice become, that he died of cholera, at Nice, on the 27th of May, 1840.

The son took his father's body on board a vessel, and sailed for Italy. But the Genoese clergy refused Christian burial to this demoniac. The Court of Rome was appealed to, yet dared not exercise its authority. The body, however, was on the point of being landed, when the municipality opposed, under the pretext that the musician had died of cholera. This epidemic was then ravaging Genoa! But they argued that the presence of this additional corpse would aggravate the evil.

Paganini's son returned to Marseilles, where, for the same reason, he was not permitted to enter the harbour. He then made for Cannes, but met with no more success there.

He accordingly kept at sea—with the body of this great artist tossed by the waves and repulsed from every port.

Not knowing what to do or whither to go with the sacred dead, this bare rock of Saint-Ferréol, in the midst of the waves, attracted his notice. The coffin was landed and buried in the centre of the islet.

Not until 1845 did the son return, with two friends, to seek the remains of his father, and convey them to the Villa Gajona, in Genoa.

Would not one have preferred that this wonderful violinist had remained lost amidst the roaring billows, on this jagged, lonely rock?

Further on, apparently in the open sea, the castle of Saint-Honorat, which we noticed when doubling the Cape of Antibes, is again seen, and still further, a line of rocks terminating in a point, Les Moines, against which the hollow-sounding breakers are now driven, covering the reef with a white mantle of foam.

At night time, this is one of the most perilous points of the coast. There is no light, and shipwrecks are but too frequent.

An unexpected blast bends the yacht down so that the water rises on the deck, and I give the word to lower the topsail, which is rather more than she can stand without running the risk of snapping the mast.

The angry, foaming waves become separated by deep troughs; the

fitful wind howls and chafes—with a threatening warning in every gust.

“We shall have to put into Cannes,” observed Bernard.

In another half-hour, in fact, we had to take in the large jib and hoist the smaller one, and shorten the mainsail; in a quarter of an hour more we took in another reef. It was then I decided to make for Cannes, a dangerous harbour with no shelter, a roadstead open to the south-west gales, imperilling the whole of the shipping at anchor there. When we think of the immense sums of money which would be brought into the place by the large foreign yachts, if they could find a safe anchorage, we perceive how mighty is the indolence of the people of the south, who have not yet obtained this indispensable work from the State.

At ten o'clock we cast anchor in front of the local steamer, *Le Cannois*, and I land, vexed with this interruption in my voyage. By this time the entire bay was white with foam.

April 7th, 9 p.m. Cannes.

Princes—princes—nothing but princes! Those who like princes should be happy here.

Yesterday, I had scarcely set foot on the promenade of La Croisette, when I met three, one behind the other. In democratic France, Cannes has become the town of titles.

Were the thoughts of men visible to us, we should discover figures in the head of a mathematician, images of actors gesticulating and declaiming in a playwright's, the face of a woman in a lover's, wanton pictures in a rake's; but, in the crania of those who come to Cannes, crowns of all patterns, floating about, like *pâtes d'Italie* in a soup.

Men assemble in gaming-houses because they like cards, others on race-courses because they like horses; but the attraction of Cannes are Imperial and Royal Highnesses.

They are quite at home there, and reign peacefully in the loyal drawing-rooms, in default of the kingdoms of which they have been despoiled. They are of all kinds, great and small, rich and poor, sad and

gay, to suit all tastes. As a rule, they are unassuming, with a disposition to please, and in their relations with their humbler fellow-creatures, display a delicacy and affability which we rarely see in deputies—those princes of the ballot-box.

But if the princes, the poor, wandering princes, who have neither budgets nor subjects, who come to this pleasant, fashionable town to live the lives of citizens, if they deport themselves quietly and are not a laughing-stock even to the disrespectful, the same cannot be said of those who are fond of Highnesses.

These move around their idols with religious, absurd fervour, and as soon as one is lost to them, they go in quest of another, as if their mouths could not open to pronounce other words than “Your Highness,” or “Madam,” nor their address be couched in anything but the third person.

You cannot see them five minutes without being told what was the reply that Princess X. made, or what the Grand Duke of Z. said; the intended drive with the one, or the witty remark of the other. You fancy, and you see, that they associate with none but blood-royal; that if they condescend to speak to you, it is to let you know exactly what is being done in those lofty spheres.

Desperate struggles too, wherein all imaginable devices are employed, take place in order to have at one's table, at least once in a season, a prince, a *real* prince, one of those who are at a premium! What respect is shewn to one who is invited to the garden-party of a Grand Duke, or merely presented to “Wales;” such is the way these *superchics* talk!

To write one's name in the visitors' book of the Exiles, as Daudet calls them,—or overthrown royalties, as others would say,—is a constant and absorbing occupation of great importance, and requiring nice discrimination. The register lies in the entrance-hall where two liveried servants keep watch and ward over it, and one of whom offers a pen. The visitor writes his or her name at the end of a list of some two thousand of all ranks, prolific in titles and swarming with the aristocratic “de.” Then the visitor leaves, proud as though a peerage had been conferred, happy as though a sacred duty had been performed; and the first acquaintance

met is informed with pride : "I have just left my name at the Grand Duke of Gerolstein's." In the evening, at dinner, he states with importance : "I noticed, to-day, X., Y., and Z.'s names in the Grand Duke's visitors' book." Everybody pays wrapt attention, as if an event of the greatest concern to all was being related.

But why laugh or be surprised at the innocent and mild craze of the fashionable people who are fond of princes, when, in Paris, we meet with fifty different species of great-men worshippers, who are none the less amusing?

It is a matter of serious moment, to the possessor of a drawing-room, to be able to show "lions," and so a hunt is organised for their capture. There is scarcely any woman of society, and of the best society too, who is not anxious to have her own artist, or artists; and dinners are given in order that Town and Country may be advised that at her table are to be found the choicest intellects.

What difference is there between pretending to high intellectual tastes, which one has not, but which are proclaimed so loudly, and pretending to be hand-and-glove with princes?

The great men most valued by women, young and old, are certainly the musicians. Some houses have complete sets of them. These artists have the unquestionable advantage of being useful at evening parties. But the people who are anxious to secure an object of the utmost rarity, can hardly hope to bring two together on the same occasion.

Let us add that there is no meanness of which a woman of the world, a woman of high standing, would not be capable, to set off her drawing-room with an illustrious composer. The assiduous attentions generally lavished in order to secure a painter, or a mere writer, become hopelessly inadequate when a dealer in sounds is in question. With respect to him, unwonted means of inducement and modes of flattery are resorted to. His hands are kissed, as a king's would be; he is knelt to like a god, when he deigns to play his own "*Regina Cæli*." A hair of his beard is worn in a ring; a button which had fallen one evening, during the rapid execution of the finale of his "*Doux Repos*" is now

a sacred medal, attached to a small gold chain, and worn near the heart.

Painters are not quite so highly valued, although still in great request. There's less divinity, more bohemianism about them. They lack in their behaviour the requisite limpness, and especially the indispensable touch of the sublime. A broad joke, or a cock-and-bull story often replaces the inspiration of the musician; in short, they savour too much of their studio, and those who, by dint of careful attention, have lost this peculiar trait, always seem to be striking an attitude. And then, again, they are so changeable and fickle; one is never sure of keeping them, while the musician remains as one of the family.

During the last few years the man of letters has been in demand. He has, it is true, great advantages; he talks, talks a long time, talks for the entire company, and as he professes to be well-informed, it is considered safe to listen to, and admire, him.

The woman who finds herself impelled by this singular taste, to have in her home a *littérateur*, just as one might keep a parrot, whose garrulity attracts the servants of the neighbourhood, may choose between poets and novelists.

The poets have more of the ideal, the novelists more of the unexpected; the poets are more sentimental, the others more matter-of-fact. It is a question of taste and temperament. The poet has more innate charms, the novelist often more *esprit*. But with the novelist there are dangers which we do not find with the poet. The former devours, ransacks, appropriates to his own use all that he sees before him. With him in the room, you cannot be easy, or even sure that, some day or other, you will not find yourself in the pages of his book, without the least disguise. His eye takes in everything and like the hand of a thief, is always at work. Nothing escapes him; he is collecting and picking up incessantly; he notes movements, gestures, intentions, the slightest acts, and the slightest words, the most insignificant detail. He stores up from morning till night observations of every kind, from which he compiles stories for publication, stories which run to the extremes of the earth, and which will be read, discussed and commented on, by thousands of readers. And what is worse, the knave will unconsciously,

in spite of himself, draw so correct a picture, for his eye is true, and he relates what he has seen, that, notwithstanding his efforts and devices to conceal the original, you will be asked : "Didn't you recognize Mr. X. or Mrs V? How well they are hit off!"

It is, beyond doubt, as dangerous for people of fashion to patronise and win over novelists, as for a corn dealer to keep rats in his granary.

For all that they are in favour.

So that when a woman has set her mind on an author whom she wishes to adopt, she besieges him with compliments and flattering attentions. As constant dropping will wear away stone, this adulation sinks deeper and deeper into his sensitive heart, and when he appears softened and won, she isolates him, severs, one by one, the ties which he may have elsewhere, and imperceptibly accustoms him to frequent visits to her house, where he may pass his time agreeably and evolve his ideas. In order that he may feel more at home, she arranges triumphs for him, renders him conspicuous, and shows him, before the oldest members of her circle, marked attention, and unbounded admiration.

Finding himself worshipped, he remains in this temple, and in doing so reaps every advantage, for other women commence to spread their toils to detach him from his priestess. But, if clever, he will not yield to the solicitations and coquetries, which threaten to overwhelm him. And the more inexorable he remains, the more he will be implored. Oh! let him beware of the wiles of these drawing-room sirens! He would depreciate seventy-five per cent as soon as he became transferable.

He soon gathers around him a literary coterie, a church of which he is the idol, the sole idol; for true religions never have a plurality of deities. The house will be frequented in order that he may be seen, heard, and admired, as certain sanctuaries are visited from afar. He will be envied : she will be envied. They will discuss letters, as priests do dogmas, learnedly and gravely. Both will be listened to, and, on leaving, their hearers will feel as though they left a cathedral.

Other professions are in demand, but to a less degree. Thus generals, slighted by the *élite* and classed by them as scarcely higher than deputies, are nevertheless at a premium among the smaller *bourgeoisie*.

Deputies are not wanted except when crises are imminent; they are kept on hand by an occasional invitation to dinner during the parliamentary lulls. The scholar has his devotees, for there are people of all tastes; and government officials are prized by, perhaps, the more numerous class. But these people are not to be met at Cannes. In fact the middle classes have but a few timid representatives there.

Only in the forenoon are all the foreign notables met on La Croisette, a long semi-circular promenade skirting the sea, from the point opposite Sainte-Marguerite to the port beneath the old town. The young, slender females—it is one of the canons of taste to be slim—dressed in English style pass along at a quick pace, escorted by young, active men in lawn-tennis costume.

But from time to time, a poor emaciated being is seen dragging himself along with wearied steps, leaning on the arm of mother, brother, or sister. These poor souls, wrapped in shawls, in spite of the heat, cough, and pant, and watch us pass, with sunken, despairing, envious eyes.

They are suffering, and dying, in this lovely lukewarm climate, the world's hospital, the flowery cemetery of aristocratic Europe.

The terrible disease which rarely shows mercy, and which consumes and destroys mankind by thousands—and which nowadays we call *tuberculosis*—seems to have selected this sea-shore for the completion of its work.

How, from all the corners of the earth, imprecations must be hurled at this charming and terrible place, this sweetly perfumed ante-room of Death, where so many humble and royal, noble and citizen families have left someone, nearly always a child, the bud of their hopes, the blossom of their cares!

I recall in my mind, Menton, the mildest and healthiest of these winter quarters. As in a martial town one sees fortresses on all the neighbouring heights, so also in this land of the dying, cemeteries are seen crowning the hills.

What a place this would be to live in, this garden where the dead

are sleeping! Roses everywhere, blood-red, or pale, or white, or scarlet-veined; the tombs, the paths, the spots yet vacant, but occupied to-morrow,—are all covered with them; their strong perfume produces a stupor, causing our heads to become giddy, and our limbs to tremble.

And all those who lie there were but sixteen; eighteen, or twenty years of age!

We go from tomb to tomb, reading the names of those slain so young by this ruthless malady. It is a children's graveyard, a burial place reminding one of those *bals blancs* in which only youths and maidens take part.

From this cemetery the view extends, on the left, over Italy, to the point where Bordighera is seen with its white houses running out into the sea; on the right, as far as Cape Martin, which steeps its wooded slopes in the water.

Everywhere, throughout this lovable landscape, we are in the house of Death; but how veiled, retiring, well-behaved he is! You never meet him face to face, although he rubs against you at every turn. You might even fancy that in this country, people were exempt from the common lot of humanity, for everything is accessory to the deception in which this Sovereign delights. Yet how we feel his presence, how we scent him, how frequently we catch a glimpse of the edge of his black robe! Many roses and citron-flowers, forsooth, are necessary to prevent our detecting, in the breeze, the sickening odour from the chambers of the departed.

Never a coffin in the streets, never the drapery of mourning, and never a funeral knell! The visitor, so wasted away, who till quite recently took his daily walk along the promenade, now never passes your window—nothing more! If you are surprised at his absence, and become uneasy about him, his landlord and all the servants answer you, smilingly, that he was getting on very well, and, by the doctor's advice, he has gone to Italy. In each hotel, in fact, Death has his secret staircase, his confidants and confederates. Yet, many invalids have recovered in this locality, by coming sufficiently soon and returning every winter.

A moralist of yore would have said some beautiful things on the contrast and contact of this elegance and gaiety and this bitter woe.

It is midday, the promenade is deserted, and I return on board the *Bel-Ami*, where a modest lunch has been prepared for me by Raymond, who, attired in a white apron, is now frying potatoes.

The afternoon I spent in reading, the wind continuing to blow violently all the time, and the yacht tugging at its moorings, for we had been compelled to let go our second anchor. At last the motion of the boat made me drowsy, and I slept till Bernard came into the cabin to light the candles, when I found it was seven o'clock. As, however, the heavy swell along the quay made landing a difficult matter, I dined on board.

Afterwards I went and sat on deck. Cannes, with its lights, was spread out before me. There is nothing prettier than a town lit up, and seen from the sea. To my left, the old quarter, where the houses seem to be climbing one over the other, mingled its lights with the stars; to my right, the gas-jets of La Croisette were shown, for a length of a mile and a half, like an immense serpent.

I reflect that in all these villas and hotels, people are assembled this evening, as they were yesterday, and as they will be to-morrow, and conversing. Conversing! Of what? Princes!—the weather! And then? The weather! Princes! And then? Nothing!

Can anything be more depressing than a table d'hôte conversation? I have lived in hotels, and have had abundant opportunity of noting the human mind in all its platitude. One must have determined to be supremely indifferent, if he does not groan with vexation, aversion, and shame, at hearing how the gift of speech may be ill-used. The average rich man, well-known, respected, and popular, and pleased with himself, knows and understands but little, yet speaks of knowledge and intelligence with distressing arrogance.

Must not one really be blind, or full of senseless pride, to believe himself other than an animal, scarcely superior to other animals? Listen, while they are seated at table, poor things! They talk. They talk with frankness, confidence and good-nature; and that they call an exchange of

ideas. What ideas? They say where they have been,—“the road was very pretty, but, coming back, it was rather cold”—“the cooking at the hotel is not bad, although the food at restaurants is always a little stimulating;”—and they say what they have done, what they are fond of, and what they think!

I fancy I see their mind in all its enormity, like a monstrous freak of nature, preserved in spirits; I seem to be present at the slow hatching of the common-places which pass between them; their ears catch the meaningless trifles, and their mouths deliver them into the inert air which conveys them to me.

But their loftiest, most solemn, and most respected ideas, what are they but the unexceptionable proof of eternal, universal, indestructible, omnipotent nonsense?

All their conceptions of the Deity, of the clumsy Deity, who blunders over and recommences his first creatures, who hears our secrets, and notes them down, of the Ruler whom they represent as soldier, jesuit, lawyer, or gardener, in armour, robes, or blouse; and their denials of the Deity, based on terrestrial logic, the arguments *pro* and *con*; the history of creeds, schisms, heresies and philosophies; their affirmations and their doubts; all the puerilities of principles; the fierce and sanguinary violence of theory-mongers; the chaos of disputation;—all the feeble efforts of these poor creatures, who are so powerless to learn, or form an idea, or even guess, and yet are so prompt to believe, prove that they have been cast on the world, in this puny condition, solely for the purpose of eating and drinking, of perpetuating the race, and of composing songs, with internecine strife as a pastime.

Happy are they whom life satisfies, who enjoy themselves, and are content.

There are people who like everything, and who are enchanted by everything. They like the sun and the rain, the snow and the fog, the holidays and the quiet of their home, all that they see, do, say, and hear.

They lead a gentle, satisfied life in the midst of their offspring. The others have an agitated existence of pleasure and distraction.

Neither the one class, nor the other, is weary of life. Life is for them a kind of interesting play, in which they themselves are actors, a good and varied piece, which, without startling them too much, engrosses their whole attention.

But other men, surveying with a rapid glance the narrowed confines of possible gratifications, are dismayed by the nothingness of happiness, the monotonous poverty of earthly joys.

When they have reached the age of thirty, their experience is complete. What should they further expect? Distraction is no longer possible; they have gone the round of our meagre pleasures.

Happy are they who feel not the sickening monotony of the same actions repeated day after day; who have the strength to tread the same unvaried path, amid the same surroundings, and having before their eyes an horizon and a sky everlastingly the same. Happy are they who do not perceive with infinite loathing, that nothing changes or passes away, nothing fresh appears, and that all is weariness.

Must we be dull, narrow-minded, and easily pleased, in order to be satisfied with things as they are. How is it that the world's public has not yet cried, "Curtain!" and demanded the next act, which shall be played with other beings than men, of other shapes, with other heads, surrounded by other plants, stars, and contrivances, and performing other deeds?

Truly, therefore, has no one yet felt a hatred of the human face which is always the same, a hatred of the animals which seem living machines, with invariable instincts, transmitted from the first to the last of their race; a hatred of landscapes perpetually the same, and a hatred of pleasures renewed unceasingly?

Take refuge, they say, in the love of Science and of the Arts.

But they do not see that we are imprisoned in ourselves, condemned to drag our humanity about with us, as a convict drags his weary chains at every step, without the hope of escaping beyond our narrow confines.

The entire progress achieved by the brain of man, consists in establishing material facts, with the help of instruments ridiculously imperfect,

which, nevertheless, do supplement his incapacity to some extent. Once or twice in each generation, some poor investigator, who dies in poverty, discovers that the air contains a gas hitherto unknown, that, by rubbing sealing-wax on cloth, an imponderable, mysterious, unqualifiable force is disengaged, that among the myriads of stars there is one, not yet recorded, although in close proximity to another which has been recognized and catalogued a long time. What does it matter?

Our maladies come from microbes. Good. But whence do we get the microbes? And these invisible organisms, too, must have maladies? And whence come the stars?

We know nothing, we see nothing, we do nothing—nay! we can neither guess nor imagine anything; we are confined absolutely to ourselves. And people go into ecstasies over the prodigies of the human intellect!

The Arts? Painting consists in reproducing in colour monotonous landscapes, with no resemblance at all to nature, and in drawing men, and trying, but never successfully, to make them look like life. For years we apply ourselves assiduously, but uselessly, to copy what we see; and our motionless, dumb renderings of the actions of life, scarcely suffice for a practised eye to discover what we have attempted.

Why should we make these efforts? Why this vain imitation, this common-place reproduction of things so wearisome in themselves? Alas!

Poets try to do with words what painters try to do with shades of colour. And yet again, why?

When we have read a few of the most skilful and ingenious, it is useless to take up another. Even they can tell us nothing more; being men, they can but imitate man! They exhaust themselves in a sterile labour; for, as man never varies, their vain words do but echo his monotony. Since our brief thought has exercised itself, man is unchanged; his opinions, his beliefs, and his feelings are the same. He has not advanced, or receded; he has not moved. What avails it to learn what I am; to read what I think; to see myself in the common-place adventures of a romance?

Ah! If poets could travel through space, explore the stars, relate their experience in other universes, with other beings, provide me constantly

with a succession of fresh natures, of things altogether new in shape and significance, if they could take me ever into unknown regions, replete with novelties and surprises, open mysterious portals on unlooked for and marvellous horizons, I would read them night and day. But they, poor weaklings, can but alter the position of a word, and show me my image as the painters do. And what is the good of it all?

For the thoughts of man are immutable.

The precise limits, narrow yet impassable, when once reached, the mind goes round and round as a horse does in a circus, or as an insect, imprisoned in a bottle, fluttering, and bruising itself against the sides.

And yet, failing anything better, thought is our solace; we can find nothing so good, nothing gives us so profound and pervading a joy.

On my little craft, tossed about by the waves, of which one alone could fill and upset it, I know and feel how absolutely unreal is all our presumed knowledge.

The world itself, floating in space, is still more isolated and lost than this boat floating on the waves; one is just as important as the other; each will accomplish its destiny, and I rejoice to feel the nullity of faiths, and the vanity of hopes which our insect-pride would engender.

I turned in, and, lulled by the rocking of the boat, slept soundly, as one can sleep on the water, until Bernard called me, and reported: "Bad weather, sir. We cannot start this morning."

Another day at Cannes.

About noon the west wind got up again, though not so strong as yesterday, and I resolved to take advantage of it, and visit the squadron in the Gulf of Juan.

The *Bel-Ami*, in crossing the roadstead, was driven wildly along, and I had to steer with great caution, so as not to ship, at each lurch, large quantities of water. But I soon gained the shelter of the island, and passed under the fortress of Sainte-Marguerite.

The wall of the fortress is reared on wave-beaten rocks, but is scarcely

higher than the adjoining land. Its position resembles that of a head sunk between two high shoulders.

You can very plainly see the place where Bazaine got down. It was not necessary to be an expert gymnast to slip over those complacent rocks.

Every circumstance of his escape was related to me by a man who pretended to be, and who may have been, well-informed on the subject.

Bazaine was left tolerably free, and was allowed to see his wife and children every day. Now, Madame Bazaine, who was of a determined nature, told her husband that she would go quite away with the children, if he did not escape; and she divulged her plan. The dangers of the undertaking, and the uncertainty of success, made him hesitate; but when he saw his wife thoroughly resolved to execute her threat, he consented.

Day by day, playthings were introduced into the fortress for the use of the children, and, by degrees, a complete set of miniature calisthenic apparatus. With these was made the knotted rope which was to assist the Marshal in his attempt. It was made slowly, so as not to arouse suspicion, and was carefully concealed by a friendly hand in a corner of the court-yard.

The date of the escape was then fixed. A sunday was chosen, it having been noticed that the surveillance was less strict on this day.

Madame Bazaine then went away for some time.

The Marshal generally walked about in the court-yard of the building till eight o'clock in the evening, in company with the Governor, a kindly man whose conversation pleased him. Then he would retire to his apartments, the door of which was bolted and padlocked by the chief-warder, in the presence of his superior.

The evening of the escape, Bazaine feigned to be unwell, and wished to retire an hour earlier than usual. He went to his room, in fact; but as soon as the Governor had left to look for the warder and instruct him to lock up the prisoner, the Marshal slipped out again, and hid himself in the court-yard.

The door was duly locked, and the officials returned to their quarters.



About eleven o'clock, Bazaine left his hiding-place, taking with him the rope-ladder. He secured one end of it, and let himself down on to the rocks.

In the early morning, an accomplice loosened the rope, and threw it over the wall.

At half past eight, the Governor of Sainte-Marguerite, surprised at not yet having seen his prisoner, whose custom was to go out early every morning, enquired after him. Bazaine's valet refused to enter his master's room.

At nine o'clock, the Governor forced the door, and found the bird flown.

Madame Bazaine, on her part, in order to carry out her plan, had confided in a man to whom her husband had formerly rendered signal service. She appealed to a grateful heart, and obtained a devoted, energetic ally. They settled together all the details; then she betook herself to Genoa, under an assumed name, hand hired, as if for a trip to Naples, a small Italian steamer, at a thousand francs a day, on the understanding that the voyage should last at least one week, and that it might be extended for an equal period on the same terms.

The vessel started on its voyage; but scarcely had it got to sea, when the lady traveller appeared to change her mind, and she asked the captain if he would object to call at Cannes for her sister-in-law. This was, of course, willingly assented to, and, on Sunday evening, anchor was cast in the Gulf of Juan.

Madame Bazaine landed, and giving instructions that the boat should wait for her, went away.

Her trusty accomplice was already on the promenade of La Croisette, with another boat in readiness, and they crossed the channel between the mainland and the little island of Sainte-Marguerite. There was her husband on the rocks, with his face bruised, his hands bleeding, and his clothes torn! The water being rather rough, he was obliged to wade a certain distance to reach the boat, which, otherwise, had been dashed to pieces.

When they had again reached the land, the boat was abandoned.

Then they got into the boat belonging to the steamer, which, all the while, had remained under steam. Madame Bazaine explained that her sister-in-law was not well enough for the voyage, and, pointing to the Marshal, she added :

“ Having no servant with me, I have engaged this man. The stupid fellow has just had a fall on the rocks, and knocked himself about as you see. Kindly let him go with the sailors, and let him have what is necessary to dress his wounds and mend his clothes.”

So Bazaine went between decks.

The following morning, early, they had gained the open sea. Madame Bazaine again changed her plan, and, complaining of being unwell, was taken back to Genoa.

But the news of the escape had already spread, and the people gathered in a noisy mob beneath the windows of the hotel where they had taken up their quarters. The tumult at length became so great that the terrified landlord found a secret means of escape for his guests.

I give the story as I heard it, and vouch for nothing.

We approach the squadron. The six ironclads, drawn up in a line, look like war-towers built in the sea. They are the *Colbert*, the *Dévastation*, the *Amiral-Duperré*, the *Courbet*, the *Indomptable*, and the *Richelieu*. There are, in addition, two cruisers, the *Hirondelle*, and the *Milan*, and four torpedo-boats which are about to go through their evolutions in the bay.

I shall visit the *Courbet*, as it is reputed the most perfect type of our navy.

Nothing enables one to realize what human labour means, the minute and formidable labour of that little animal with skilful hands, so well as these enormous iron citadels, which float and move about with an army of soldiers, an arsenal of colossal arms, and which, yet, are made of small portions, closely fitted, welded, bolted together,—the work of pigmies and of giants.

They at once show the genius and the impotence, and all the irre-

claimable barbarism of this active, weak race, which thus employs its efforts in creating engines for its own destruction.

The men who formerly built with stones cathedrals of lace-work, fairy palaces to shelter childish or pious dreams, were they not every whit as good as those of the present day, who launch on the waters houses of steel, temples of Death?

Just as I am about leaving the ship, to get on board again of my



own little shell, I hear the sound of musketry on shore. It is the regiment stationed at Antibes skirmishing on the sands and in the pine-woods. The smoke rises in white mists, like clouds of cotton, which disperse, and we see the red trousers of the soldiers running along the shore.

The naval officers, all at once interested, point their telescopes to the land, and become excited over the mimicry of war.

When I merely think of this word, War, I become horrified as at hearing of witchcraft. of the Inquisition, of things obsolete, abhorred, and unnatural.

When we hear of anthropophagi, we smile proudly and assert our superiority over the savages. Who are the savages, the real savages? Those who fight to eat the conquered, or those who fight to kill, only to kill?

The little soldiers, yonder, are intended to be killed, just as a flock of sheep driven along the road. They will fall on some plain, the head cloven by a sword-cut, or the chest pierced by a bullet; and they are young men, too, who are able to work, produce, and be useful. Their fathers are poor and old; their mothers, who, for twenty years, have loved and cherished them, as mothers only can cherish, will, a few months hence, hear that the son whom they have reared with so much care, expense, and love, was thrown like a dog into a hole, after being torn open by a cannon-ball, trodden down, crushed, and mangled by a charge of cavalry. From how many homes will be heard the bitter cry—"Oh! why did they kill our boy, our hope, our pride, our life?" Ay, why?

War! That is—to fight, and butcher, and massacre! And we have, in these days, with our civilisation, with the spread of knowledge, and in spite of the philosophical stage at which people believe the human intellect to have arrived, schools where to kill is taught, to kill at a distance and with perfection, many men at a time, to kill poor herded and driven wretches, burdened with families, and guilty of no crimes.

But what is most astonishing is that the people do not rise against their rulers; that society in a body does not revolt at this single word—War. Wherein lies the difference between monarchies and republics?

Alas! we shall ever live under the burden of the old and odious customs, of the criminal prejudices, of the fierce ideas of barbarian ancestors, for we are brutes, and shall for ever remain brutes, ruled by hopeless instinct, and never varying.

Would not any other man but Victor Hugo have been dishonoured for uttering so loud a cry of deliverance and truth as this?

"Now is might of arms called violence, and is about to be judged: War is put on its trial. Civilisation holds the brief on behalf of the human race, and prefers the criminal charge against commanders and conquerors. The people begin to understand that the enlargement of a crime is no mitigation of it; that if to kill is a crime, to kill many is no extenuating circumstance; that if to steal is a disgrace, to invade cannot be a glory.

"Ah! let these absolute truths be proclaimed, let war be condemned."

Vain anger ! A poet's indignation ! War is more respected than ever.

A clever practitioner in this line of business, an eminent slaughterer, Count von Moltke, one day replied to the delegates of peace in the following remarkable words : —

“War is an institution of divine origin, one of the world's most sacred laws. It maintains among men all noble sentiments, honour, disinterestedness, virtue, courage, and, in a word, saves them from sinking into the most abject materialism.”

So that to assemble in bodies of hundreds of thousands of men, to walk night and day without rest, to think of nothing, to study nothing, to learn nothing, to be useful to nobody, to rot in filth, to lie in mire, to live at a level of brute-life, to pillage towns, to burn villages, to ruin people : then to meet another mass of human game, to rush on it, to make lakes of blood, plains of pounded flesh, mingled with muddy and bloody earth, heaps of corpses with mangled limbs or scattered brains, with profit to no one, and to perish in the corner of a field, whilst your old parents, your wife and children die heart-broken and in want——

This is what is called “not sinking into abject materialism.”

These men of war are the scourge of the world. We struggle against nature, ignorance, and obstacles of all kinds, to render the miseries of life less hard. Some men, philanthropists and sages, wear out their existence in working at, and seeking what may aid, relieve, and solace their brothers : we see them intent on their useful labour, amassing discoveries, enlarging the human intellect, extending the bounds of knowledge, each day adding something thereto, and giving to their country well-being, comfort, and strength.

War comes, and in a few months, the generals have destroyed the labour, the patience, and the talent of twenty long years——

And this is “not sinking into abject materialism.”

We have seen war. We have seen men returned to brutes once again, maddened, killing for pleasure, from fear, in bravado, or for show. In the licence of war, when right no longer exists, when law is dead,

when every trace of justice has disappeared, we have seen innocent people, found on the line of march, suspected and shot, because they showed signs of fear. We have seen dogs chained at their master's doors practised at as targets, with a new pattern of revolver. We have seen bullets fired, in pure wantonness, among cattle lying in a field, for no reason, merely to use fire-arms, and to have something to talk and laugh over——

And this is “not sinking into abject materialism.”

To invade a country, to slaughter a man who defends his house, because he is in a blouse and does not wear the képi, to burn the homes of miserable beings already starving, to destroy their furniture, or lay hands on whatever is of value, to drink the wine stored in the cellars, to violate the women found in the streets, to reduce property of untold value to ashes, and to leave behind misery and cholera ——

This is “not sinking into abject materialism.”

What have they done, then, to show even a small amount of intelligence, these men of war? Nothing. What have they invented? Cannons and rifles, — that's all. Has not Pascal, the inventor of the wheel-barrow, done far more for man by this simple, practical, idea of adjusting a wheel to two poles, than Vauban, the inventor of modern fortification?

What remains to us of Greece? Books and sculpture. Have her conquests, or her productions, immortalised her? Was it the Persian invasion which prevented her from sinking into hideous materialism? Did the incursions of the barbarian outer world save and regenerate Rome? Did the first Napoleon continue the great intellectual movement commenced by the philosophers at the end of last century?

Ah! well, if governments in this way assume the right of annihilation over peoples, we must not be surprised if sometimes peoples assume an equal right over governments.

They resist and rightfully too. No one has an absolute right to control others. This right can only exist for the benefit and with the consent of those governed. It is as much the duty of those who govern to avoid war, as it is the duty of the captain of a vessel to avoid shipwreck.

When a captain loses his vessel, he is brought to trial, and if found guilty of negligence, or even of want of skill, he is condemned.

Why should not governments be judged after each war that has been waged? If nations understood that, if they executed justice themselves on these homicides in authority, refused to be killed without reason, and turned their weapons against those who have armed them for massacre that day would war cease. But that day will never come!

April 8th, 3 a. m. Agay.

“ Fine weather, sir.”

I get up and go on deck. The sea is smooth, the infinite sky resembles an immense shadowy vault, sown with seeds of fire. A very gentle land breeze is blowing.

As soon as coffee is prepared, we drink it, and then, without losing a moment, the wind being favourable, we are off.

We glide along, over the tranquil bay, towards the open sea. We soon lose sight of the shore, and see nothing around us but darkness. What a sensation! What a disturbing, yet delicious experience, to float into this empty night, into such utter silence, far from all! It seems as if we had left the world, and never were to reach another port, or see another shore; that there will be no more daylight for us. At my feet a small lantern lights the compass which points the course we are taking. As we know not what wind we may have when the sun rises, we must go fully three miles out to double Cape Roux and the Drammond in safety. The lights are hung out (the port light red, the starboard green), to keep clear of accidents, and I get excited over the silent, continuous, and peaceful flight.

All at once a cry is heard ahead. I start, for the voice is very near. I see nothing, nothing but this dense wall of darkness, through which I make my way, and which closes again behind me. Raymond, who is on watch at the bow, calls out: “It’s a tartan going east; lay off, sir, and we’ll pass astern of her.”

And then, quite close, a terrible, vague phantom rears itself, the tall

floating spectre of a sail, looming in the darkness one instant, and vanishing the next. Nothing is more strange, more weird, more impressive, than these sudden apparitions at night on the sea. Fishing boats and sand boats never carry lights. They are only seen, therefore, when right alongside; and your heart quakes as at a supernatural vision.

Afar off I hear a bird whistling. It draws near, passes, and is gone. Why am I not free to travel like that?

Dawn appears at last, slowly and gently, without a cloud, and day follows, a true summer's day.

Raymond is positive that we shall have an east wind. Bernard sticks to the west, and advises me to alter our course and to sail on the starboard tack for the Drammond which is seen in the distance. I, at once, follow his advice, and, under the gentle impulse of a dying breeze, we approach the Esterel.

The long line of red coast, reflected in the blue water, produces a violet hue. The picturesque shore is studded with many points, indented with numerous bays, fringed with fantastic rocks, and topped by mountain peaks of infinite variety. On the slopes, the pine forests mount to the granite summits which resemble castles, or towns, or armies in battalions of stone. And the sea is so clear below that here and there can be seen the sandy or weedy bottom.

On certain days I experience a horror of existence to such a degree as to wish for annihilation. I feel, even to acute suffering, the unwavering monotony of landscape, faces, and thoughts. I marvel at, and loathe, the tameness of the Universe; the triviality of all things fills me with aversion, the emptiness of human dreams overwhelms me.

But there are, on the contrary, other days when I enjoy everything in animal fashion. If my mind, tormented or surfeited with work, is uneasy, or springs at hopes which do not belong to our race, and then relapses into a contempt for all, after having ascertained the nothingness of all, my animalism revels in all the intoxications of life. I delight in the sky as a bird does, in the forests as a prowling wolf, in the rocks as a chamois, in the deep grass as a horse to roll in and scamper

through, and in the transparent water as a fish. I feel, vibrating within me, something of all the animal species, of all their instincts, of all their varied capacities of enjoyment. I love the earth as these lower creatures do, and not as we, men, do. I love it without admiring it, without going into raptures over it, and without professing a lofty enthusiasm. I love with a love instinctive and profound, humble and sacred, all that lives, all that grows, all that we see; for all these things concern only my eyes and my heart; my soul remains tranquil and is undisturbed by the days and the nights, the rivers, the seas, the tempests, the woods, the auroras, and the glance and beauty of woman.

The water caressing the sand on the shore, or the granite of the rocks, affects me deeply, and the joy which I feel, when driven along by the wind and borne on the waves, arises from the savage primeval instinct within me and its complete harmony with the natural forces of the world.

On a fine day like the present I have, in my veins, the blood of the old wanton, vagabond fauns; I am no longer the brother of man alone, but the brother of all beings and of all things.

The sun rises above the horizon. The breeze falls as it did the day before yesterday, but the west wind predicted by Bernard does not come any more than the east wind announced by Raymond.

Until ten o'clock we float motionless as a waif; then a light puff from seaward sets us again in motion, sinks, rises again, teases the sail, seems mocking us, deluding us with the promise of a breeze which never comes. It is nothing—the fluttering of a fan, the sigh of a woman; yet it is enough to prevent our keeping to one spot. The porpoises, those clowns of the sea, gambol around us, dart suddenly out of the water as though they were about to fly, pass through the air with lightning speed, plunge in again, and then re-appear further off.

Towards one o'clock, when we are directly opposite Agay, the breeze dies completely, and I perceive that I shall have to remain outside the harbour, unless I man the small boat and tow the yacht in.

Accordingly I direct the two men to get into the boat and they

commence to pull, the yacht following at a distance of some thirty yards, a fierce sun pouring down upon us all the time, blistering the deck of the yacht.

The two sailors rowed at a very slow and measured pace, like two pieces of worn-out machinery which are all but useless, yet continue their regular methodical action.

The roadstead of Agay forms a picturesque, well-sheltered basin, shut in on one side by upright rocks of reddish hue which are overlooked by the semaphore at the top of the hill, and are, continued in the direction of the open sea by the Ile d'Or, so named from its golden colour; on the opposite side of the basin runs a line of low rocks ending in a small promontory level with the water, and on which a lighthouse marks the entrance to the harbour.

At the end of the basin is an inn resorted to by captains of vessels driven hither in stress of weather, and by fishermen in summer time, a railway station at which only two trains stop during the whole day, and where no passenger ever seems to arrive or depart, and a pretty river burying itself in the Estérel as far as the valley named, I believe, Val Infernet, a valley full of oleanders as an African ravine.

No highway leads from the interior to this delightful retired bay; only a path, which no vehicle dare follow, leads to Saint-Raphaël, passing by the porphyry quarries of the Drammond. So we are right among the mountains, in absolute seclusion.

I resolve to walk about till night-fall along the paths lined so bountifully with rock-roses and lentisk-trees. The strong odour of these wild plants mingles with the resinous breath of the immense forest of pines, which seems panting in the heat.

An hour's walk brought me to the middle of a bright open piece of forest, on a gentle mountain slope. The purple granites,—those bones of the world,—seemed to be red-hot in the sun, and I was going along slowly, contented as, I suppose, the lizards must have been on the burning stones, when I saw, at the top of the hill, coming towards me, but not aware of my presence, two lovers, wholly absorbed in their day-dream.



It was a charmingly pretty sight—these two beings, side by side, descending with unconscious steps through the shadow and sunshine which checkered the hill side.

She was gracefully but simply attired in a grey travelling costume and a defiant, coquettish felt hat.

Him, I hardly saw.

I noted, however, that he had a gentlemanly bearing. I had seated myself behind the trunk of a pine, to watch them pass. They did not perceive me, and continued to descend, holding one another by the waist, without saying a word—a silence which seemed to intensify an inexpressible love.

When they were out of sight, I felt lonely and oppressed by a sadness of heart. Some evidence of real bliss in this world had been vouchsafed me, a happiness to which I was a stranger, and of a kind which, I felt, was the best of all. I retraced my steps towards the bay of Agay, too weary now to continue my walk.

Until the evening I lay stretched on the grass by the river side, and about seven o'clock went into the inn to dine.

My men had given the landlord notice of my coming, and he had, accordingly, prepared for me. My dinner was laid in a whitewashed room, near another table, where, face to face, and watching each other with languishing eyes, the couple who had but so recently disturbed my thoughts, were already dining. I felt ashamed of myself at this intrusion, as if committing some unbecoming and startling act.

They regarded me for some seconds, and then spoke to one another in an undertone.

The inn-keeper, who had known me for some time, seated himself near me, and began to talk of boars and rabbits, of the fine weather and the mistral, of an Italian captain who had stayed there a few nights ago; then, to flatter me, he extolled the sea-going qualities of my yacht, of which I could see, through the window, the black hull, and the tall mast carrying its red and white pennant at the top.

My fellow-guests, who had made a very slight dinner, went out immediately afterwards. I stayed behind to watch the thin crescent of

the new moon shedding its light over the little roadstead, until I saw my canoe approaching the shore, its wake forming a long streak across the motionless, pale mirror of the water.

When I got down to the boat, the same two lovers were standing by the water's edge.

And as, with the hurried strokes of the oarsmen, the shore receded from me, their dark forms standing side by side still met my gaze. The bay, the night, the sky, were full of their presence, so abundantly was their love exhaled and spread over the horizon, a love mysterious and beautiful, a symbol of perfect felicity.

And long after I had returned on board the yacht, I remained on deck, sad without knowing why, regretting I knew not what, unable to make up my mind to go into the cabin, as if I could enjoy yet more of the ethereal harmony diffused around that happy pair lingering on the shore.

All at once a light appeared at one of the windows of the inn and their outlines again became visible. My loneliness then seemed insupportable; and in this gentle night air of spring, in the faint sound of the waves rippling on the shore, under the sharp-pointed crescent now sinking into the ocean, I felt in my heart such a craving of love, that I was desponding and miserable in the extreme.

Then, feeling ashamed of this weakness, and not willing to confess myself as like other men, I accused the moonlight of having disturbed my reason.

It has moreover always been my belief that the moon exercises a mysterious influence over the human brain.

It produces in poets a wandering of the mind, making them either delightfully entertaining or ridiculously incoherent: and on lovers it produces the same effect as an induction coil on the electric current. The man who loves the sun in a normal way, worships the moon with frenzy.

A young and charming woman contended with me one day, I cannot now remember on what occasion, that moon-strokes are a thousand times more dangerous than sun-strokes. "You get them," said she, "without

knowing it, while walking out on fine nights, and you never get over them. You become mad, not furiously mad, nor is the madness of such a kind as to call for constraint; but the lunacy is altogether special, quiet yet continuous, you no longer think on any subject like other mortals."

I must assuredly have had a moon-stroke this evening, for I felt devoid of reason, delirious, and woefully dejected. That little crescent, sinking yet nearer and nearer into the water, had done all the mischief, and was crushing my heart.

What is there so seductive in this moon, an old defunct star, which obtrudes its sad visage and yellow funereal light to unnerve those of us who are already disturbed by wandering thoughts?

Do we love it because it is dead, as the poet Haraucourt says :

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 Puis ce fut l'âge blond des tiédeurs et des vents.
 La lune se peupla de murmures vivants ;
 Elle eut des mers sans fond et des fleuves sans nombre.
 Des troupeaux, des cités, des fleurs, des cris joyeux.
 Elle eut l'amour ; elle eut ses arts, ses lois, ses dieux,
 Et lentement rentra dans l'ombre.

Do we love the moon because the poets, to whom we owe the eternal illusion with which our existence is enveloped, have filled our vision with all the images seen by them in its beams, and have taught us to appreciate, in a thousand ways, with enhanced sensibility the gentle, yet constant spell which she casts upon our planet?

When she rises behind the trees, when she pours her quivering light on a flowing river, or through the boughs over a sandy path, when she rises lonely in the dark, vacant sky, when she declines towards the sea, shedding along the wavy liquid surface a long train of light, do we not recall all the sweet verses with which she has inspired our sublime lyrics?

If, with a light and gladsome heart, we walk abroad at night, and see her circular, yellow orb poised just over a roof and watching us, the immortal ballad of Alfred de Musset rings in our memory.

And is it not he, the laughing, jesting poet, who makes us see it with his eyes?

C'était dans la nuit brune,
 Sur le clocher jauni
 La lune
 Comme un point sur un I.
 Lune, quel esprit sombre
 Promène au bout d'un fil
 Dans l'ombre
 Ta face ou ton profil?

If, with a heart oppressed by sadness, we walk in bright moonlight along the shore do we not, in spite of ourselves, recite those grand melancholy lines?

Seule, au-dessus des mers, la lune, voyageant,
 Laisse dans les flots noirs tomber ses pleurs d'argent.

If, in the middle of the night, we wake, and our couch is illumined by a silvery beam entering through the window, do we not seem to behold, descending towards us, the white vision evoked by Catulle Mendès?

Elle venait, avec un lis dans chaque main,
 La pente d'un rayon lui servant de chemin.

If, when walking through the fields, in the evening, we hear some farm dog utter his long and doleful whine, are we not suddenly struck with the remembrance of that beautiful passage in the *Hurleurs* of Leconte de Lisle?

Seule, la lune pâle, en écartant la nue,
 Comme une morne lampe oscillait tristement.
 Monde muet, marqué d'un signe de colère
 Débris d'un globe mort au hasard dispersé,
 Elle laissait tomber de son orbe glacé,
 Un reflet sépulcral sur l'Océan polaire.

In a summer evening's stroll, we saunter gently along the road, holding the hand and kissing the brow of our beloved, and our arm encircling her waist; she is a little weary, a little sad, and walks with

slower steps and downcast eyes ; a seat is reached, under foliage bathed in moonlight, as by a tranquil flood——

Do not the following charming lines then recur to our enraptured thought, as an exquisite song of love ?

Et réveiller, pour s'asseoir à sa place,
Le clair de lune endormi sur le banc !

Can we see the crescent moon, tracing, as this evening, its sharp profile on a sky besprinkled with stars, without thinking of the conclusion of that master-piece of Victor Hugo, *Booz endormi* ?

... Et Ruth se demandait,
Immobile, ouvrant l'œil à demi sous ses voiles,
Quel Dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été,
Avait, en s'en allant, négligemment jeté
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ des étoiles !

And who has ever described the moonlight, so befriending to lovers, better than Victor Hugo has done in these words ?

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La nuit vint, tout se tut ; les flambeaux s'éteignirent
Dans les bois assombris, les sources se plaignirent,
Le rossignol, caché dans son nid ténébreux,
Chanta comme un poète et comme un amoureux.
Chacun se dispersa sous les profonds feuillages.
Les folles en riant entraînaient les sages ;
L'amante s'en alla dans l'ombre avec l'amant ;
Et troublés comme on l'est en songe, vaguement,
Ils sentaient par degrés se mêler à leur âme,
A leurs discours secrets, à leurs regards de flamme,
A leurs cœurs, à leurs sens, à leur molle raison,
Le clair de lune bleu qui baignait l'horizon.

And I also remember that beautiful prayer to the moon at the commencement of the eleventh book of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius.

Yet, for all that, these songs of men are not sufficient of themselves to instil into our heart the sentimental melancholy with which this poor star endows us.

In spite of ourselves, without knowing why or wherefore, we pity the moon, and on that account we love it.

The tenderness that we bestow on it is thus mingled with pity as for an elderly female, for, whatever the poets may say, we have a vague suspicion that the moon is not dead. Planets, like women, may need husbands, and may not the poor moon, rejected of the sun, have vowed to remain an old maid?

It is thus that its timorous lustre fills us with flattering hopes and unobtainable desires. All that we vaguely and vainly long for on this earth, causes our heart to pulsate, under the pale rays of the moon, and with our eyes fixed upon it, impossible aspirations and unspeakable yearnings take possession of our senses.

The slender crescent, a thread of gold, was now steeping its sharp point in the water, and gradually sinking down to the other point, which was so attenuated that I failed to note the last stages of its disappearance.

Then I directed my attention to the inn. The shutters of the lighted window had just closed. A heavy dreariness came over me, and I crept into my cabin.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

(To be continued.)





THE RED GENDARME

The most fearsome shrew, and the most feared, in the parish of Saint-Nicholas, a big market town, situated half-way between Nancy and Lunéville, was unquestionably Madame Pellerin. The fame of her fierceness shot forth terror-inspiring rays for several leagues round.

She was a perfect specimen of the domineering woman. Twenty years ago, she must have been quite a beauty, a beauty of the opulent and sturdy type, solidly put together, and worthy to pose as a model for one of those companion figures, representing Strength and Plenty, which stand with majestic indifference over the pediments of the triumphal gates of Nancy.

But it was not under this serene, mythological, and somewhat undraped aspect, that Madame Pellerin was in the habit of displaying herself. Left a widow four years previously by Messire Pellerin, at the time of his death judge of Saint-Nicholas, where he administered justice in the name of the liege-lord of that country-side, who, for his part, only shewed his face there once a year, she had continued in a way to wear the weeds of mourning,

and clothed herself always in black—Who shall say whether out of attachment to the memory of the late Messire Pellerin, or as a reminder to the neighbourhood that, together with the goods and chattels of the deceased judge, she had inherited a remnant of his prestige and authority? Draped in this severe costume, she created, by her appearance, the impression of a superior being, and one full threatening withal. When she made her entry into church on a Sunday, she advanced slowly, turning to the right and then to the left, with a big bow of ribbon bedizening her head, sending a searching glance along the rows of seats, to see if every one was in his or her proper place, and taking a mental note of any absences, any frivolous behaviour, and of all new frocks, so as to have her budget gossip ready for the Curé, who dined with her after mass every Sunday.

Happily, and as a kind of set-off against the terrifying effect produced by Madame Pellerin, Providence had vouchsafed her two daughters, who during this triumphal progress of their mother from one end of the church to the other, walked modestly behind her, hand in hand, with a semi-menial air.

Noses and eyes, bent low over mass-books and rosaries, as Madame Pellerin stalked by, were now raised again, as with a sneaking delight, the congregation watched the passing of Javotte-and-Jacquotte.

Though they were not actually twins, the daughters of Madame Pellerin had every appearance of it, so close was the likeness between them : you would have fancied them two fac-similes of one and the same original, marvellously matched, and, when you saw them together, you could never imagine them apart. Their beauty chiefly consisted in this resemblance, and had that charm of juxtaposition which is found in a song by two voices, mediocre though they may be, so long as they are in tune, and similar in tone.

Tall enough—yet not so tall as their mother—squarish in build, though without heaviness, and nicely proportioned, they represented a fine and pure specimen of the Lorraine breed, with their symmetrical figures, and their placid, but well-marked features, at once animated by the rustic colouring of their cheeks, and softened by the veil of their light brown

hair, which the folds of their mob-caps could not quite keep from straying.

As though they wanted to heighten their resemblance, already so complete, they cut out their dresses from the same pattern : for all their clothes they adopted the same measure and the same fashion, making them nearly always of the same stuffs. Thus it befell that very rarely indeed were they dressed differently from one another.

In one point only did they differ : in the colour namely of their eyes : Jacquotte's were light blue, inclined to grey, while those of Javotte owned to a more decided and a deeper tint. But who had ever seen their eyes! Seldom going out of doors, and then always accompanied by their inflexible mother, they were drilled to the most rigid modesty of demeanour, which did not admit of their raising their eye-lids on any pretence.

In the hopelessness of discovering in either of the young girls any sign to distinguish her from the other, the good folk of Saint-Nicholas had fallen into a way of looking on them as a being at once double and single, and so, running their names together, people called them Javotte-and-Jacquotte. In the instinctive logic of its grammar, the popular language always placed a singular verb after this noun of multitude, and it was a current expression, which surprised no one : "Javotte-and-Jacquotte has got on a new dress to-day," or else, "Javotte-and-Jacquotte is quite pale this morning, not a doubt but she has been crying already."

For cry she did, poor Javotte-and-Jacquotte, and that often, which, for that matter, was only natural, the character of Madame Pellerin being taken into account. This tyrannical creature kept her hand in at home, by making martyrs of those around her : she had long since ceased to find wenches in her own neighbourhood who would consent to enter her service, and those whom she was wily enough to enlist at a distance, in regions where her reputation had not yet penetrated, never tarried longer than four and twenty hours in that cheerful household. She had, however, ultimately chanced upon an idiot serving-maid, and a man not quite right in the head. The passive stupidity of this pair was a match for her violence, and she left them more or less alone.

The natives of Patagonia, and of Tierra del Fuego, who are exposed to perpetual hurricanes, and torrents of rain, amid the most boisterous atmos-

pheric conditions, lead the life of Eden itself in comparison with the existence of these two unhappy girls, rivetted by the laws of blood and of mankind to their inhuman mother.

Madame Pellerin suffered from a never failing bad temper : she was endowed, besides, with an inexhaustible activity and indomitable health : thanks to these gifts of Heaven, or rather of Hades, she could rise before dawn, keep on her feet till late into the night, be the last in bed, and the first to wake next morning, full of fresh zest for harassing her unfortunate household.

One day—one Whitsunday—Madame Pellerin, with her two daughters in the accustomed order of procession, was making her entry into the church, already filled with the faithful on their knees, their heads bent in that meditation wherein it is seemly to be plunged before taking part in the holy sacrament of the mass, when a noise of chairs being upset, caused her to turn her head and, with a furious stupefaction which flushed her face purple, she saw that, in her rear, the pious meditation was suddenly interrupted. People were whispering together, and gazing at her daughters, and—so much her sharp eye had taken in at the very first glance—at the moment when Javotte-and-Jacquotte passed by one of the pews, of which the end was occupied by a lad of the place; the latter had stared in a curiously significant way at the sister who passed on his side, and whose skirt had brushed against his shoulder. Nothing had been said between them. Neither Javotte nor Jacquotte had raised her eyes, but the slight pink flush which had mounted to their cheeks, betrayed them, by shewing clear-sighted Madame Pellerin, that there evidently existed some sort of communication between her girls and the young fellow. It cost her a violent struggle within herself, not to break out in the open church : she confined herself to signifying by a dramatic gesture, that Javotte-and-Jacquotte were to walk in front of her : a wrathful look induced the audacious youngster to resume his interrupted meditation. He prudently slipped away, moreover, before the end of the service; Madame Pellerin, on the contrary, sat stock-still in her pew until everybody had left, and passing out through the sacristy, the parsonage, and its bit of garden, she returned home by a back way, clutching her daughters by the skirts,



C. DELORT

and walking with long strides, which forced poor Javotte-and-Jacquotte into a trot in order to keep up with their mother's agitated pace.

And as she trotted along she was all of a tremble, was poor Javotte-and-Jacquotte : she felt that this hurry was bringing both nearer the moment when the maternal lightning would flash out, and pulverise them. Madame Pellerin, habitually so talkative, not to say clamorous, had not uttered a single word during the walk : this obstinate silence aggravated the terrors of Javotte-and-Jacquotte. Once home again, while their mother was double-locking the house door, they crept hastily into their room : their first movement, naturally, was to throw themselves into each other's arms with an outburst of tears, and then, leaning against the chintz-covered four-poster which they shared, they gazed at one another in silence, and with many a sad shake of the head. They started at every step of Madame Pellerin, as she moved about in the dining-room immediately under their own, and a cold sweat came over them, when they heard someone coming up the stairs. It was only the servant, to tell them that his Reverence the Curé was come, and that Madame was waiting dinner for them.

They went downstairs : a furtive glance darted at their mother brought them some little relief ; evidently Madame Pellerin was postponing the storm : the expected scene would not break out just yet ; and the greeting of the Curé, who honoured their cheeks, still wet with tears, by his customary friendly little pats, shewed them that the worthy man knew nothing of the incident that had profaned his church.

They took their places at table : the meal was a silent one, notwithstanding the efforts of the Curé to enliven it. Madame Pellerin remained motionless and inscrutable : every one ate and drank as quickly as possible, and, as soon as the dessert appeared, the mother sent her daughters upstairs to their room. Then, first making sure that door and window were shut close, so that no one could hear her, she took up her position, with arms a-kimbo, in front of the Curé, who, still seated, was devoting his attention to a dish of fresh cherries stewed in kirsch.

"Well, your Reverence," she began, "there are fine goings-on in this church of yours! Fine goings-on, in sooth, and what is more, under your nose and to my very beard."

“Beard” in her case was no metaphor, for the worthy dame’s chin and upper lip were shaded by little greyish curls of hair which it would have been difficult to class in the category of down and which she had every right to describe as beard.

“It is abominable!” she went on, “and there you sit without stirring an inch, entranced by your stewed cherries. You don’t seem to be aware that the Holy Temple is defiled.”

The mild ecclesiastic submitted to being roused from his trance and, raising his head, answered with perfect calm :

“You terrify me, my dear lady : the beadle has told me, to be sure, about a pile of chairs falling down with a certain noise, an occurrence which, no doubt, disturbed the pious meditations of the faithful and was a slight interruption to my own ministrations, but I see nothing scandalous in that, nor do I know of anything, beyond this trivial matter——

“Then I will tell you, for I know a good deal more about it than you or your beadle. Your Reverence,” she announced in a solemn voice, “your church is being turned into a lover’s trysting-place!”

The Curé flushed extremely red, pushed back his plate, sat bolt upright, and tried to get out an “Oh!” but indignation deprived him of his voice : his gesture alone expressed his terror and stupefaction.

“And,” resumed Madame Pellerin, it is young Richardot who has been guilty of this scandalous conduct : I saw him with my own eyes, your Reverence, I caught the glances he exchanged with Javotte-and-Jacquotte, he found means, before my very face, though I didn’t hear a word said, to slip a note into their hands, a love-letter I’ll dare swear. And this disgrace must needs be put upon me by young Richardot, the son of the adventurer who has stepped into my husband’s shoes!”

The Curé, who had to some extent regained composure, timidly pointed out to Madame Pellerin that her husband having by this time been four years in his grave, it had not been feasible, notwithstanding all the respect due to his memory, to suspend the administration of justice in Saint-Nicholas, and that there had been nothing underhand in the way in which Richardot had succeeded worshipful Master Pellerin.

“But I’ve got him tight, this Richardot,” the old woman continued,

as, with a familiar gesture of popular eloquence, she struck her chest with her open palm. "I have something at the bottom of my strong-box which will settle him, as well as his rascally son : I found the thing among my poor dear husband's papers : a promissory note that, I dare say, he has forgotten—it is of old date and the creditor dead for many a long year—Pellerin bought it for a mere song, in the old days, when Richardot was only a junior clerk at Nancy. Armed with that, I will pursue this fellow, I will dishonour him, I will hound him out of the post he is so proud of! He will be forced to leave the neighbourhood and, if he takes my advice, he will get right away, he and his fine gentleman of a son, for I will follow them up, and start them off again until I have seen them hang— The rascals, the wretches——"

She sank breathless into a chair, which groaned under her weight, still growling out : "wretches, wretches!"

Soon recovering from this weakness—thanks to the copious sprinkling of her purple face with cold water at the hands of the Curé—Madame Pellerin resumed, in a tone as soft and coaxing as her brutal nature permitted :

"My dear Curé, I want your aid, your support in this distressing business. You see well enough that I must know what there is between this young scamp and my girls. I shall cross-examine the silly jades, but what shall I get out of them? Nothing but lies. They will vow and declare they have seen nothing, heard nothing, know nothing about it, never even knew there existed such a person as old Richardot, and still less a young Richardot. Alack! I can't subject them to torture! Ah! if it was only allowed I shouldn't hesitate, it is the only sure way of making the dumb speak and getting the truth out of rebellious consciences, but nowadays, people have nothing on their lips but such words as "humanity" and "sensibility", wax pitiful over rascals and look twice before letting even criminals suffer! What times we live in! You alone, my good abbé, can learn all about it, for to you they must tell everything. When you have them each ensconced in one of the two niches of your confessional, one on the right, the other on the left, why, question them paternally, shrewdly, without frightening them, leading them to hope for pardon while, at the same time, letting them see the enormity

of their sin : they will have no misgivings and will open their mouths—and when they have let the cat out of the bag—you will come and share the secret with me.

“It is your plain duty,” she went on after a pause devoted to judging of the effect of her insidious harangue, “a sacred duty, my excellent Curé, to tell me all. It is a question of saving my honour, my dignity; fancy young Richardot leading astray the daughters of Madame Pellerin! What a godsend for my enemies! All Lorraine would burst out laughing at it, and I should burst, too—with rage. You are my sole support in this affair, and you, I am sure, are not going to abandon me.”

The worthy Curé, who had long been acquainted with the amiable character of Madame Pellerin, had the presence of mind not to openly contradict the extraordinary proposition she made to him nor to give any signs of shirking the odious conspiracy she suggested. The honest ecclesiastic recognized the extreme gravity of the case and the legitimate anger of a mother wounded in what she held most dear : like her, he foresaw the difficulty of getting to the very bottom of the matter—— If, in any case, he added with a gesture of hesitation, if, in any case there was any matter to get to the bottom of. There was the rub! For suppose there was nothing in it, and that he should fall a-questioning the two little ones about an imaginary offence!

“You can see the risk with half an eye, my dear Madame Pellerin : you are too shrewd not to see it : we priests, who have the cure of souls, are bound to great prudence and extreme reserve : the Fathers of the Church and those authors who have specially dealt with the holy sacrament of confession, abound in examples to demonstrate the irreparable ills caused by the laudable, but inopportune zeal of certain father-directors and confessors : souls of perfect purity have been urged into the path of sin, and sullied by clumsy questioning. Without a doubt, when the penitent’s avowal is already half-begun, it is our mission to elicit a full confession so as to point out to the miserable sinner the gulf yawning beneath him and from which religion, in its mercy, can hold him back ; but further than that I should be deeply reluctant to go——”

Madame Pellerin roughly interrupted the worthy Curé in his evange-

lical circumlocutions of which she saw too clearly the evasive purpose.

“So then you refuse?” she cried, jumping up in a threatening attitude : “you are against me : you are in league with my enemies : you defend the Richardots : you are afraid ! You seem to very easily forget all that I have done for you and your baptismal fonts in fine red Vosges sandstone, which I had carved by Pierre Adam, and the screen for the choir for which Jean Lamour charged me no less than five hundred crowns, and the ostensorium that I brought from Germany, and our big peal of bells which I endowed along with poor dear Pellerin. And who repaired the pews ? Who planted the peach-trees in the parsonage garden ?”

And she went through the whole catalogue of her bounties, adding the price of each one and giving its precise date, recorded in her memory more surely and exactly than in her cash-book.

The Curé patiently submitted to these bitter recriminations, looking on himself as being martyred for the priesthood, made a sort of shuttle-cock of between his conscience and his interest. It must be said, to the credit of the worthy man, that he never hesitated : he rose, with much dignity, very humbly saluted his irascible benefactress, alleging the necessity of getting ready for vespers, and left the dining-room saying :—

“Calm yourself, my dear Madame Pellerin : let each of us think it over, and in a few days, we will talk about it again : that will be wiser, trust me, than letting ourselves be hurried into acts of rashness.”

She dryly answered that she had no need either of calmness or of reflection : that she now knew well enough what she had to do, and that she would be able to get along without him, far more easily than he would be able to do without her. She accompanied him as far as the outer door which she opened without bidding him either good-bye or *au revoir*.

“What a vixen !” muttered the poor Curé when he had gone some steps up the street and had heard Madame Pellerin’s key creaking in the lock, as she again made fast her gaol, “and the poor girls !” he added with a shrug of melancholy.

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Madame Pellerin occupied with her two martyrs of girls and her pair

of imbecile servants a large dwelling-house, situated on the border line between the town and the open country. It was reached by a lonely path : a thick, high wall cut off the house from the rest of the world, and the solid door of double oak planks, strengthened by iron bars, was never opened except by the hands of Madame Pellerin herself, and then after long enquiry and parleying withal. On the side of the open fields stretched an immense garden, and, beyond, lay an orchard planted with old fruit trees whose gnarled and moss-grown branches cast their shade over the rich green sward. The orchard, like the court-yard and the out-buildings of the house, was encompassed by a wall high enough to defy all attempts to scale it, attempts which, moreover, would only have led to cruelly cut hands from the broken bits of glass which bristled on its top. This forbidding wall was not even broken to admit of the passage of an innocent brook which flowed through the orchard, a brook running along a ditch, three or four feet wide and deep throughout; its flow was checked by dams built both up and down stream; two low archways at the bottom of the wall left just sufficient space for the current to enter and pass away. A narrow plank, all worm-eaten and insecurely fixed to the damp and slippery bank, was thrown across the stream. Madame Pellerin had always grudged renewing this plank which had lain there for twenty years, and which her daughters, from their tenderest infancy, had been taught to fear and never to cross. This stratagem secured a further restriction of the space in which the old woman's two victims could disport themselves. When the whim seized her to visit the part of the orchard which lay on the other side of brook, her servants had to bring a sort of gangway, which enabled her heavy person to get across without fear or risk. On her return the gangway was taken back to a barn of which she kept the key.

In fine weather the two sisters had leave to ensconce themselves by the side of the brook, under the shade of an old willow; there they devoted themselves to their needlework. As a rule they chattered little together, having, from the monotony of their cloistered existence, nothing to tell one another; they were content with the silent happiness of being seated by each other's side, and of escaping from the terrible presence

of their mother. Their noses buried in their work, they stitched away briskly, conscious of the eye of the absent mother, who, on her return, would expect to find the prescribed task duly finished. When they were a little ahead of the allotted portion they sate with their elbows on their knees watching the slow waters of the brook flow by.

It is the custom and the consolation of the solitary and oppressed to find a ready companionship in inanimate things; the little rivulet was a comrade for the two poor children who lived in intimacy with it and had come to consider it as a living person. They knew its ways, studied its caprices, rejoiced in its good humour when it flowed clear, in bright and calm weather, were, anxious when they saw it troubled and ruffled under the on-coming storm, and followed with interest the navigation of the twigs, fallen leaves, and dead boughs which sailed along in mid-stream.

Ever since the fatal Whitsunday mass their life had become a more grievous burden every day. As soon as the Curé had left the house, Madame Pellerin had gone up to their room and had treated them to a fearful scene; without formulating any precise charge, she had inveighed with furious vehemence against certain corrupt girls, who, even in the most sacred places, have an eye for the enticements of young men, smiling upon them, and making assignations with them, thus risking their salvation as well as their own and their parents' honour.

All the while their mother railed, the two girls wept, looking at one another half-stupefied with terror; wondering what sort of crime they had unconsciously committed. These vicious young women branded by Madame Pellerin's fierce denunciation must be meant for themselves, not a doubt of that; but this young fellow who plied them with allurements, according to their mother's tale, who on earth could he be? And the assignations? And the smiles? On whom could they have smiled, or with whom made assignations? They knew no one, and saw no one. They tried to soothe Madame Pellerin by gestures of denial and by mute appeals, but all in vain.

"Lying is no use, I know all," had been the final sentence with which the terrible vixen, as the Curé called her, had wound up her monologue.

She had kept them prisoners in their room for two whole days, which

were employed in changing the locks, strengthening bolts and bars, and lining with sheet iron all doors and shutters opening into the inner court-yard. These precautions were rendered all the more necessary by the fact that, since the episode of the church, Madame Pellerin was absent from home every day, doubtless engaged in planning her vengeance.

A few days after the memorable scene, as the two sisters were working listlessly on the edge of the brook, incessantly but unsuccessfully searching in their minds for some possible cause for their mother's anger, they saw floating down the stream an object which, though by no means extraordinary in itself, puzzled them not a little. It was nothing but a scrap of paper folded in the form of a boat, which came along, gently rocking on the tiny swell. The craft appeared to have sustained some damage, — no doubt in shooting the rapids formed by the upper dam, — nevertheless it held on its course, and the two girls had risen to watch it, when it was drawn in by an eddy, caused by a projecting stump on the opposite bank. For a moment the skiff danced madly round and round, then sank, sucked down by the irresistible force of the evil spirits who hide at the bottom of every whirlpool. This little drama struck Javotte-and-Jacquotte for some minutes with dismay, they fastened their tearful gaze on the spot where the bark had gone down and the nasty eddy which kept up its stupid whirling, in wait for further prey : they looked at one another, then silently resumed their seats ; it was high time they did, for Madame Pellerin had just returned home ; she examined their work, found it full of false stitches, gave them a good wiggling, and bundled them into the house.

On the morrow, they were once more to be found at the same place, sewing at the same stuff ; the same hour was being struck by the church clock and, with the same listless eyes they were watching the rippling of their friend the brook, when they saw coming along a little paper boat exactly similar in style and shape to the one of the day before. Yesterday they had supposed it to be some school-boy toy, to-day the happening of the very same thing struck them as curious : they got up hastily and, fearful lest the mysterious craft should suffer the fate of its predecessor, seized a pole with which to draw it towards them ; but the intelligent



bark, guided by some secret instinct, avoided the fatal whirlpool and quickly hove to among the grass on the edge of the bank, at their very feet. Javotte bent down while Jacquotte kept watch, and took the little thing in her hand. As they were examining it curiously, admiring its ingenious construction, Javotte, turning it over and over, and trying to unfold it, noticed that there was some writing on the paper. Though the water had to some extent washed away the ink, the characters nevertheless remained distinct enough to give the two lasses, deprived of all converse with the outer world, an irresistible desire to make them out. So Javotte carefully unfolded the paper, and, quaking with fear lest they should be caught in the act by their Cerberus, they read : —

« Dear Javotte-and-Jacquotte. You are groaning under a hateful yoke, « but a sympathetic spirit is plotting to rescue you from the clutches « of your gaoler! Is it not a crime to cheat the world out of two « beings who, by rights, should be its delight and have their part in its « joys, and is it not a duty to restore them to it? Take courage poor « child! If this communication reaches you, show that you have received « it in replying by the same way. The brook will carry your message ; « someone will be waiting for it. »

They had gradually reddened during the reading of this ; but while Javotte's face was lit up with joy, Jacquotte's betrayed terror ; she grasped her sister's arm convulsively, and asked her who on earth could write to them in this strain and in such a singular way.

“ Eh! what do I care,” replied Javotte, “ whoever they may be, they are people who wish us well. But how can we answer them? ”

“ Do you actually mean to answer them, Javotte? Are you mad? How do you know it is not some trap? Into whose hands would our note fall? And, besides, with what could we answer? We have no pen, no ink, no paper; mother keeps all that under lock and key.”

Javotte took a minute for reflection, one of those minutes in which the ideas of genius not only germinate, but bloom; she put the bit of paper into Jacquotte's hands, bidding her refold it into the original boat-like form, then she turned to a bed where there was a group of rose-bushes and other flowers. Gathering two marigolds, she fastened them by two

pins to the centre of the boat, which had been reconstructed by Jacquotte, and ran dragging her to the lower dam. At the risk of slipping off the bank she gently launched their symbolic message on the water : when they saw it get through the dangerous strait without shipwreck, they heaved a sigh of relief.

They hastened back to their usual place and took up their sewing so as to make up for lost time. Jacquotte was still only half-reassured : Javotte, on the contrary, had welcomed without scruple or hesitation this call to the rescue.

As will already have been divined, these boats, sailing one after another down the little stream which was the witness and confidant of Javotte-and-Jacquotte's trials and tribulations, had not come there of themselves. Yet who could have hit upon this ingenious means of correspondence? Who could have guessed what had passed between Madame Pellerin and her daughters, in that mysterious house so jealously closed against the outer world? Who could have dreamt of freeing them from their slavery? Some brave heart assuredly, some gallant and chivalrous spirit. Alas! its owner had yet to learn that there was no fighting against Madame Pellerin !

During the days which followed this all-important event, Javotte-and-Jacquotte racked their little brains in the vain effort to solve the riddle. They exchanged all sorts of fancies, while still watching the flow of the little rivulet in the hope of the appearance of a third boat bringing them the answer to their two marigolds. But, alack ! nothing came, neither boat, nor saviour, and every day their heads bent more dolorously under the yoke from which their deliverance had been promised to them.

What they did not know—and what they could never have guessed—was that the Curé, roused to indignation by the evil disposition of Madame Pellerin towards her daughters, offended by her reproaches in regard to the bounties she had showered not on him, but on his church, more offended still by her attempt to make him a traitor to his priestly duties—the Curé had blabbed. His conscience was free in the matter. Madame Pellerin had not confessed to him, she had not pledged him to

secrecy, he was quite at liberty to open his mouth, and he lost no time in the process.

With the completion of the Whitsuntide services, that is to say on the day but one after that on which his meal at Madame Pellerin's had come to such an unpleasant end, the Curé wended his way soon after dawn to M. Richardot's.

A right worthy man was M. Richardot, and, apart from the crime of having "stepped into the shoes" of M. Pellerin, as the vengeful widow bitterly put it, no one in the neighbourhood had a word of complaint against him : he fulfilled his delicate functions with kindness and integrity, and endeavoured always to temper the rigour of the law which it was his business to administer. Without much beating about the bush, our friend the Curé explained to M. Richardot that sad rumours had reached his ear as to the conduct of the judge's son ; a young fellow must needs have his fling, but still he must not give rise to scandal nor trouble the peace of his neighbour's family ; that, however, was what had happened with young Richardot, and the Curé told the story—that is, Madame Pellerin's version—of the Whitsunday affair. The glances exchanged with Javotte-and-Jacquotte, the appointment proposed and, doubtless, accepted.

M. Richardot who had listened to the preliminaries of this statement with all the professional patience and collectedness of the magistrate, at this point with a touch of severity interrupted the Curé.

"What you tell me is very serious my dear and venerable pastor, and if the story came from any one but you, I should refuse to give it credence. My son is a good boy ; I have brought him up in the strictest principles of honesty and propriety, and until I have proof to the contrary I cannot suppose him guilty of what he is accused of. He is aware of Madame Pellerin's feelings in regard to myself, of the jealous hatred she has vowed against me because I have had the audacity to succeed to the post vacated by the death of her husband. If my son had sought to entangle himself in some amorous folly, he would certainly never have thought of these two young girls. I doubt even whether he so much as knows them, otherwise than as everybody knows them, that is to say, from having seen them at mass every Sunday. Nevertheless to have a clear conscience and

rid you of your suspicions, I will call him and we will put him to the question."

He opened the door and walking to the foot of the staircase he shouted : "Ho there ! Gaspard, are you awake ? Come down at once !"

A few minutes later Gaspard made his appearance. He was a fine, good-looking fellow, well set-up, solid and active, frank in expression, and easy in bearing ; his rustic origin was manifest enough under the thin veneer of refinement which he had adopted as a young sprig of the respectable middle class aspiring to become a gentleman of the long robe, for his father was already meditating the purchase of an office for him in the High Court at Nancy. Gaspard was twenty-three years of age.

"Well," M. Richardot began in a severe but not angry tone, "what is all this ? What is it that I hear from his Reverence the Curé ? That you are courting Madame Pellerin's daughters ? That you have been guilty of an intrigue and of making assignations ? What is the truth of the matter ?

"Tell me frankly. You are now too big a fellow for me to scold you, but if you have fallen into any act of indiscretion, my duty as well as my right is to warn you—— and to restrain you, if need be."

There was a moment's silence. Gaspard flushed, then, respectfully but firmly answered :

"You may be assured, father, that I have not done, nor will I do, anything dishonourable ; you have taught me not to lie, and I will tell you the whole truth.

"It is quite true, father," Gaspard went on, "that I have been attracted by Madame Pellerin's daughters ; the sad lot of those sweet creatures whom it is the fashion in the town to treat as a single being, the misfortunes of Javotte-and-Jacquotte have deeply touched my sympathies. How can a man but be affected at seeing these two flowers on one stalk for ever bent under a storm bursting upon them at all hours of the day and night, with no other motive power than the caprice of a mother who profanes that holy title, and ought, by rights, to be called only a step-mother ? Is that doing wrong ? Is it not rather obeying the most sacred sentiments of humanity ?"

M. Richardot dropped his eyes, as a judge who approves in spite of himself, but is unwilling to let his approval be seen. The Curé, who was under no such obligation to keep up appearances, contemplated the young fellow with interest, gave him encouraging glances, and was even on the verge of falling into the melting mood.

“So,” continued Gaspard, “when I see, at church, these two young girls all of a tremble as they walk behind their gaoler, am I so very much to blame for raising my eyes towards them, for darting them a glance in the hope of meeting their own, something to ardently signify to them : — “you have a friend quite close at hand who feels compassion for your woes” — and, with any generous spirit, is not the knowledge of misfortune and the will to relieve it one and the same thing? That, father, is the extent of my crime. Are these such sentiments as you can blame me for? Madame Pellerin is your enemy and, out of a feeling of chivalry, you hold it your duty to take no action against her; you would however, be well within your right to do so, for the state of imprisonment in which she keeps her daughters is a hateful abuse; you cannot, anyhow, forbid people to interest themselves in these creatures who are so worthy of pity. The whole town thinks and feels as I do—— His Reverence the Curé will tell you so——”

The worthy priest could not refrain from lifting up his hands and sighing out “alas!”

“That is all very fine, my boy,” gently rejoined M. Richardot, “and I had not suspected in you such rare wealth of sensibility; but you will forgive me for assuming that it is no general regard for suffering humanity which has inspired this lofty eloquence of yours. Come, tell me frankly, as you promised to do; you are smitten by one of these two lasses, unless, indeed, it be by both of them, for your solicitude, I observe, makes no difference between Mademoiselle Javotte and Mademoiselle Jacquotte.”

“Upon my honour, father,” cried Gaspard with the gesture and accent of manifest sincerity, “upon my honour, I am moved by no such feelings as you attribute to me in regard to Javotte-and-Jacquotte——”

M. Richardot began to lose patience.

“Enough of this subject,” he said with something of shortness, “I strongly

advise you to dismiss from your mind all thought of both Javotte-and-Jacquotte. I will overlook an outbreak of impulsiveness which is natural to your age and proves the generosity of your heart; but I shall expect the matter to stop there, and to spare you any temptation to disobey me, I give you leave to be off, as soon as may be, to Lunéville. I will see that you have the wherewithal to amuse yourself there for some days. I dare say the amiable and accomodating damsels to be met with in that town, who have no Madame Pellerin to keep them under lock and key, will soon drive your twofold and interesting heroine out of your mind."

With this paternal injunction, delivered in a tone so firm and peremptory as to admit of no reply, M. Richardot dismissed his son, who bowed and retired without a word.

"You see, my dear Curé," the judge now said with an air of satisfaction, "there is the end of the difficulty; things have soon been set to rights; you can now sleep soundly and restore the peace of mind of our good and excellent Madame Pellerin. This time, at any rate, I trust she will not complain of me."

The Curé looked a little doubtful.

"I think," he replied, "as a measure of precaution I had better pray to the Almighty to grant us his protection so that everything may end as happily as you seem to expect."

And he departed, wrapt in thought, while M. Richardot, who had accompanied him to the door, returned to his room, rubbing his hands, and reassured by his son's readiness to conform to his orders.

Nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, he turned the key in the lock, then went upstairs to Gaspard's room to hasten his departure and give him one or two commissions for Lunéville. Seating himself at his son's table to write a note, he found it littered with scraps of paper, folded in various symmetrical ways in the shape of boxes, shells and skiffs.

He brushed them aside with a laugh :

"What, you big baby, still making paper boats at your age!" Gaspard, without answering turned towards the window to hide the confusion caused

by a remark of which his father assuredly never suspected the significance.

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Under the oppressive heat of a June evening, a prematurely hot month,—for down in Lorraine the days as a rule do not get very warm before the end of July,—Madame Pellerin and her daughters were seated close to the house. The old woman turned her spinning-wheel, a mechanical occupation that allowed her to pursue her sombre meditations; Javotte-and-Jacquotte were sewing by their mother's side, silently thinking, doubtless, of the one ray of hope that had shone across their existence, in the form of two little paper boats. For more than a week they anxiously watched the brook, stealing out in the morning to see if some message had not arrived for them during the night, and lingering as long as they dared at nightfall before giving up hope; and every time they retired to rest, under their mother's suspicious eye, they wept on their pillow to think that this thread which had seemed to bind them to the outer world was now broken for ever.

The heavy trot of horses resounding on the stones of the lonely road which skirted the house awoke them all three from their reveries; Madame Pellerin pricked up her ears and listened, when a vigorous knock made every beam in the thick stable-door, quiver, despite the iron plating by which it was strengthened. The matron jumped up from her chair; but hardly had she risen before the knocker began a continuous battering.

"Hullo there! Open the gate," shouted a voice, "is there no one within?"

"It is not my practice to open my door to freebooters," replied Madame Pellerin; and so saying, she made repeated signs to her daughters to re-enter the house.

"We are no freebooters," answered the voice in a comparatively civil, but firm tone.

"Who are you, then, who come and disturb women-folk in this way?"

"Queen's Gendarmes! once more, open the gate!"

"I have no concern with Her Majesty or her Gendarmes!"

“We have a warrant from M. de la Galaizière, Intendant of Lorraine. Let us in quickly, or——”

And a mighty shake warned Madame Pellerin that her door and her lock would not hold fast much longer and that resistance would be not only thrown away, but dangerous into the bargain.

“Very well, be it so,” she said in a milder tone, “be still and stop battering my door; you shall be let in.”

The two girls had taken advantage of their mother’s excitement to disregard her orders and, instead of withdrawing inside the house, they had only retreated to the glass door, awaiting with more curiosity than fear the upshot of the colloquy.

Madame Pellerin, taking her bunch of keys, turned the latch as gently as possible; she looked for quite an invasion and was anxious to secure a few seconds’ breathing time in case she should be set upon.

Contrary to her expectation the panel let into one of the sides of the outer door to admit foot passengers was quietly opened, and a young horseman as quietly entered the house, without however advancing more than a step or two; he held over his arm the bridle of his horse which stood outside; another horseman, who accompanied him, had not dismounted. The young soldier saluted courteously.

“I presume I have the honour of speaking to Madame Pellerin?” he said, as he raised his hand to his cocked hat.

The old woman, a trifle reassured, once more became insolent.

“Yes, I am Madame Pellerin, and pray what may you please to want with Madame Pellerin?”

And she looked him full in the face, with an angry glare. Madame Pellerin was not the only one to gaze at the young soldier: Javotte-and-Jacquotte honoured him with attention quite as keen and much more sympathetic. On seeing him enter the two sisters murmured:

“Oh, my dear! A red Gendarme!”

And they flushed almost as red as the Gendarme’s coat. Huddled against one another and ensconced in the recess of the doorway, they stared at him with youthfull curiosity.

The red Gendarmes—so named because of the scarlet hue of their

uniform — were not ordinary soldiers. They formed twelve companies, belonging to the King's Household, which owned sixteen in all. The four first companies, called "big" Gendarmes, never left the person of His Majesty. The other companies bore the names Queen's, Dauphin's, Berry, Provence, Artois, Orleans; there were again, the Scotch, English, Burgundian, and Flemish Gendarmes. These were also styled "little" Gendarmes, in opposition to the "big" — the King's — Gendarmes, and this disparaging nickname irritated them beyond measure and brought about frequent duels with the officers of the other companies. The "little" Gendarmes who had to give proofs of nobility and to possess a certain private income, ranked as officers: private Gendarmes as sub-lieutenants: sergeants as captains. Upon the death of Stanislas, the Duchy finally reverted to the King of France, and the good burghers of Lunéville found themselves reduced to gazing gloomily upon their empty château — the château they had been fond of describing as a smaller Versailles. Empty, too, were the fine walks of the Bosquet, with its gardens and its terraces.

King Louis XV was moved by the melancholy situation of the former subjects of his well-beloved father-in-law: he lent a condescending ear to the grievances of the hostelry, and wine-shop keepers, the barbers, and other traders of the fallen town, and to restore to it at least some of its old prosperity, he gave orders for the twelve companies of his household gendarmery, hitherto scattered among the various garrisons in France, to be all centred at Lunéville.

Their mustering gave the town a far more bustling life than that which had been led there by the modest little Court of Stanislas. These fine gentlemen lived in grand style, were always occupied with their pleasures or their quarrels, often fighting, sowing terror among the honest citizens, who had enough to do to protect the virtue of their wives and daughters against the attacks of these dashing gendarmes.

They had, for that matter, on their side everything calculated to turn the heads of the women-folk of Lunéville, who, then as now, could not rid themselves of a weakness for the military. To the prestige of their rank was added the blaze of their scarlet uniform all gallant and gay: the distinctive colours of each company enabled the ladies to choose for

their cavalier the wearer of their favourite hues. They could select the Scotch Gendarme, with jonquil-coloured epaulets, or the English with violet ones : grass-green was the colour of the Burgundians, sage-green of the Flemings, sky-blue of the Dauphin's company, and deep blue of the company of Berry ; Provence sported crimson ; Orléans orange ; lastly the Queen's company was distinguished by poppy-red epaulets which matched happily with their scarlet coats and chamois-leather breeches and waistcoats.

A visitor of this importance, in Madame Pellerin's cloistral abode, was naturally sure to create a profound sensation.

"In that case," said the Gendarme, still grave and polite as ever, "since you are Madame Pellerin, I have to tender to you, a document on behalf of M. de la Galaizière."

He took a paper bearing a huge seal from his waistcoat pocket, and handed it to the old woman.

Madame Pellerin took the paper roughly, and muttering to herself, tried to read it ; but the writing was apparently difficult for her to make out. Seeing her trouble and impatience, the two lasses came forward, under the laudable pretext of helping their mother : to tell the truth, they were burning to get a nearer view of this handsome Gendarme, nor were they sorry to let him have a closer look at themselves.

At the end of a few minutes, Madame Pellerin handed the paper back to the soldier. "I can make nothing out of this scrawl of yours, Master Gendarme——"

"If you will allow me, madam, I will explain it to you. The King, whose royal pleasure it is to be made aware of the needs of his people, and of the complaints they may have to lodge on account of wrongs inflicted upon them either by His Majesty's Household, or by private persons, has commanded his Honour the Intendant of Lorraine to visit all parts of the Duchy in order to examine into such complaints as may be addressed to him, authorising him to cite before him, wheresoever he may be, any person he may deem it necessary to interrogate——"

"But I have not as yet lodged a complaint against any one, although I may have good cause for it," replied Madame Pellerin, beginning to be a little out of countenance.

"The motives of his Honour the Intendant are unknown to me," the young man went on, "but I do know his intentions. I am instructed to convey you to Lunéville, where M. de la Galaizière is at present to be found; he has had a lodging made ready for you there, — not perhaps quite so good as this one, — and he expects you this evening."

"I shan't come!" cried Madame Pellerin, seizing at the same time her daughters' arms, "I absolutely refuse, you can get on your horse again and take back my answer to the Intendant!"

"In the event of your refusing," rejoined the imperturbable Gendarme, "in the event of your refusing, I have here" — and he pointed to the pocket from which he had already taken the Intendant's summons — "an order to be remitted to the officer of the Marshalsea; he will act upon it by quietly carrying you off to the lock-up at Maréville. You understand, Madame Pellerin, and you are experienced enough to know that, in such case, the wisest course is to offer no resistance."

"But," she answered, quite cast down and letting go her daughters' arms, "how can I leave my house? and Javotte-and-Jacquotte all by themselves?"

At this moment the two damsels raised their eyes to a level with those of the Gendarme, as who should say "*we* are Javotte-and-Jacquotte," and as their glance met his, they could not for all their modesty help observing that this soldier appeared much more interested in themselves than in their venerable mother.

"There is no objection," he replied, "to your bringing the young ladies with you to Lunéville; they will be well-cared for there; unless, perchance, you should prefer to leave them here under the protection of my comrade or myself?"

To this proposal, Madame Pellerin answered by a gesture of horror!

"Very well, sir," she said, with a return of pompousness, "I yield to force; arrest me, carry me off, drag me to Lunéville before this Intendant of yours, for whom I shall have some news he little dreams of, and such as will cut a very queer figure in the report he makes to the King! Drag me away with my girls; you do not surely imagine I shall leave my dear treasures behind me;" — and she waxed pathetic as she pointed to her dear

treasures — “in the hands and keeping of the soldiery? I presume,” she added, “you will grant me a few hours to make ready.”

“As long as you like,” politely replied the Gendarme; “we need not be at Lunéville before six o’clock.”

Then, without asking permission of Madame Pellerin he led his horse into the court-yard, followed by his mounted comrade.

“Be good enough to show the way to the stables,” he said in a tone which admitted of no question, “and give orders for our horses to be looked after. After which you will be so kind as to spare some attention for our own needs, for we have had a warm ride and the beastly poplar-trees alongside the road have given us no shelter.”

Madame Pellerin dumbfounded by this free and easy treatment, — and of her too, who had never taken orders from a living soul, — made for the stables, walking ahead to show them the way.

The young soldier, who had tossed his horse’s reins to his comrade, lingered in the rear, and, drawing close to Javotte-and-Jacquotte, he deftly drew from under the cuff of his left sleeve two little bunches of marigolds, which he let fall at their feet.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER FILS.

(To be continued.)





WHISTLER AND HIS WORK

Mr. James Mc Neill Whistler was born in Baltimore in the United States of America. His father, Major Whistler, was a distinguished officer of Engineers in the American army. Young Whistler, destined to follow the profession of his father, received a military education at West Point. But his own tastes decided otherwise, for, about 1857, we find him in Paris, frequenting with more or less assiduity the atelier of Gleyre.

He first revealed himself to the world as an artist in 1863. In that year, he sent to the Salon his first important work, "The White Girl," which, refused by the jury, was exhibited at the *Salon des Refusés*. That *Salon des Refusés* has justly become famous, its renown has grown, and will still grow, with the reputation of the artists whose works it contained. With Whistler one finds the names of Manet, Degas, Bracquemond, Cazin; nearly all the young men, in short, who had within them the germs of Invention—men called to extricate the art of painting from the ruts of its old beaten track.

Having finished his studies at Paris, Mr. Whistler established himself in London. For many years he exhibited at the Royal Academy. At first he had almost as much difficulty to obtain acceptance there as at Paris. The portrait of his mother, a work which was afterwards universally admired—obtaining a medal at the Salon of 1884—was not accepted at the Royal Academy without a struggle.

When the Grosvenor Gallery was opened, in 1877, as an institution for artists of independence, Mr. Whistler became one of its principal supporters. For some time he was a regular contributor. It was there that he showed his “nocturnes” and a number of his more genial subjects.

Two years ago he became a member—and soon afterwards was elected President—of the Royal Society of British Artists, at whose galleries, in Suffolk Street, he has shown many of his works. Latterly he has sent several pictures to the Salons at Paris : the portraits of Lady Meux, of his mother, of Carlyle, of Lady Archibald Campbell, and of Sarasate.

In London, at various times, he has held exhibitions composed entirely of his own works, when he has grouped together paintings in oil and water-colours, pastels, drawings, and etchings. He genius on such occasions, has had full scope for the display of original composition and choice of subject, and of novel decoration and nomenclature.

THE PAINTER

The first picture shown by Mr. Whistler—“The White Girl”—took its title from its peculiarities of colour. It represented a girl dressed in white standing in front of a white curtain. Since his debut, Mr. Whistler has instinctively sought after arrangements of colour. The pursuit of this study will never abandon him, and will affect every work painted by him. Thus, to his eyes, a picture is not solely the representation of a scene arranged after a fixed fashion, of a person posed in a set pattern. The combinations of colour which must exist in a picture for it to become a work of art at all, are to him of primary interest. In a picture painted by Mr. Whistler there is a subject represented by a combination of colours as well as by lines and drawing—a subject which might be conceived as existing in some measure apart.



The consequence of this has led Mr. Whistler to designate his pictures not only by the title of the objects painted, but also by that of their combinations of colour. Hence in the catalogues he describes them : "Portrait of my Mother, arrangement in Grey and Black : " "Portrait of Carlyle, Arrangement in Grey and Black."

In this direction Mr. Whistler goes as far as possible, and many of his works are designated solely by their combinations of colour. In order to establish shades and distinctions, he has borrowed the vocabulary of the musician. So, as well as his "arrangements" we have his "harmonies" and "symphonies." Having, at various times, painted many pictures in the same scheme of colour, he has distinguished them by the aid of a simple number, calling them for instance : "Symphony in white, No. 1" "No. 2," "No. 3," etc.

These harmonies and symphonies were produced at a time when his works had assumed a very remarkable and refined character. During their production his eye was haunted by a scheme of pale, and at the same time keen and delicate tones. They remind one somewhat of the arrangements of colours practised by the Japanese. One of his typical symphonies "In White, No. 3," represents two young girls enveloped in white flowing draperies, gracefully reclining on a couch, the tone of which is in harmony with that of the girls themselves, while a fan on the floor and some azaleas in a corner throw spots of colour on the general whiteness of the whole.

Painting treated thus, is decorative to a large degree, there being but a step between it and pure decoration. This step Mr. Whistler has openly taken. In some of his works, Mr. Whistler has unhesitatingly become the decorator. He has decorated many houses and rooms; in the exhibitions which he has held in London, the walls, ceiling, floor and even furniture of the galleries have all come under his treatment, and have been made the object of varied arrangements in colours. In this branch Mr. Whistler has more especially distinguished himself at Mr. Leyland's house in Prince's Gate, London, where he has decorated a room, well known as "The Peacock Room." Mr. Whistler called this effort "A Harmony in Blue and Gold." The iridescent plumage of the peacock has

been the *motif* of the "harmony" — sometimes the feathers are in gold on a ground of blue, sometimes in blue on a ground of gold. The result is most original and refined — a very feast of colour.

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To one series of his works, Mr. Whistler has given the name : "Nocturnes," in which he has attempted to paint night. In his "nocturnes" the details of the subject or landscape are barely visible, and being considered of secondary importance, are only faintly delineated ; it is the transparency of the air lighted by the pale rays of the moon, or the deep shadows and grand outlines seen indistinctly in the sombre night, which he has attempted to portray. To convey this impression he spreads upon his canvass a scheme of colour gradated by insensible transitions ; a few light touches vaguely show the details ; a harmonious and uniform tone covers the whole, the only object of painter being to give to his canvas the deep colour of the transparent air and the unfathomable gloom of immensity.

These "nocturnes" are perhaps the most personal and extraordinary works that Mr. Whistler has produced. Seeing the difficulty he experienced in obtaining recognition for such of his pictures which bore more resemblance to those of other painters, it is not surprising that his "nocturnes" should have been made the occasion for the most violent attacks.

One can imagine the amazement of the public and critics, when, for the first time, they found themselves in front of the "nocturnes" of Mr. Whistler. These pictures, only giving a broad impression of the transparency and poetry of night are to be seen from a distance sufficient to enable one to grasp the *ensemble* ; and are not to be looked at after the manner of the man of letters whose nose almost touches everything upon the line as he goes round the walls in his search for literary reminiscences.

The pictures of Mr. Whistler are entirely devoid of any literary quality ; one finds in them neither symbol nor story. There is nothing in them to interest the student of any other art than that of painting. And



unless even he has attained that capacity for perceiving and enjoying pure innate simple beauty for its own sake alone—beauty either of colour or of line (be the attainment the result of intelligent observation and study or of his own personal temperament) — the works of Mr. Whistler remain a sealed book to him.

The most violent of Mr. Whistler's critics was Mr. Ruskin, who treated the artist as the worst of criminals. The result was an action for libel, brought against him by Mr. Whistler. The question of the artistic value of the "nocturnes" had to be gone into before a jury. For two days, judge, barristers and journalists, talked more nonsense about art and painting than one could imagine possible. In the utter hopelessness of comprehending anything, the jury gave the verdict for Mr. Whistler, but indemnified the defendant from costs and fixed the amount of damages at one farthing.

At all times one finds Mr. Whistler occupying himself with the harmony of colour. It is the beauty of the substance painted (if one may so express oneself) that he studies. To him, a picture is not perfect until, as he says, it offers to the eyes a feast of refined tones and delicate colour. This constant attention to the pursuit of harmonious colouring has led him to produce subjects of the most varied nature. The arrangement and harmony of the exquisite tones do not prevent his portraits being dignified and valuable.

In his portraits of his mother, of Carlyle, of Sarasate and of Lady Archibald Campbell, one has beings of intense vitality and character. His mother and Carlyle are represented in profile, and in each instance, seated upon a chair in a pose severe and at the same time full of grace. It would be impossible to have a better representation of an inspired virtuoso than that which he gives us in his Sarasate, as he stands—his figure slight and dainty,—with violin in hand. Lady Archibald Campbell—tall and slim—with head turned as she walks away, is a remarkable type of elegance and pride.

Mr. Whistler then, from decoration pure and simple to the rendering of the human form (of which he has profound knowledge), has traversed a field of varied and extensive compass. By his originality, his invention,

the charm of his colouring and the elegance of his drawing he places himself in the first rank of contemporary painters

THE ETCHER

In a review of the works of Mr. Whistler the productions of the needle must be placed side by side with those of the brush; his etchings and dry points were developed simultaneously with his paintings. But though produced at the same period, his pictures and etchings never encroach upon each other. Mr. Whistler has never etched one of his pictures. Whether he paints or etches, it is always direct from nature, he never executes a work to be repeated in any other way than by that which first gave it existence.

Thus the etchings of Mr. Whistler being produced immediately in front of nature are to an extraordinary degree full of life and vitality. There is nothing mechanical in his plates, no filling up of the corners with meaningless padding, no undue importance given to insignificant details. Directly he has succeeded in securing upon his plate the sense and image of life,—or as soon as the number of lines have been drawn which he has found absolutely necessary to convey an idea of his own sensation, or to disentangle his subject from its surroundings—he stops. His object is gained, his work is done. Details, accessories, “padding,” are unknown things to him. He has never drawn except from models or from nature; full of originality and invention, the least of his works bears the stamp of his personality. In his “propositions” which accompany a set of twenty-six etchings recently published in London, Mr. Whistler gives the rules which have guided him in the practice of his art :

“That the space to be covered should always be in proper relation to the means used for covering it.”

“That in etching, the means used, or instrument employed, being the finest possible point, the space to be covered should be small in proportion.”

“That all attempts to overstep the limits insisted upon by such proportion, are inartistic thoroughly, and tend to reveal the paucity of

the means used, instead of concealing the same as required by Art in its refinement."

"That the huge plate, therefore, is an offence—its undertaking an unbecoming display of determination and ignorance—its accomplishment a triumph of unthinking earnestness and uncontrolled energy—endowments of the "duffer."

"That the habit of margin, again, dates from the outsider, and continues with the collector in his unreasoning connoisseurship—taking curious pleasure in the quantity of paper."

"That the picture ending where the frame begins, and, in the case of the etching, the withe mount, being inevitably, because of its colour, the frame, the picture thus extends itself irrelevantly through the margin to the mount."

Consequently, none of Mr. Whistler's plates are of large dimensions.

Of all questions affecting the Arts, that of form is the most important. This applies perhaps more to the art of drawing than to any other. The etchings of Mr. Whistler evidence a power of drawing,—decided, accurate, elegant and free; a drawing which seizes the form of things with lines full of character, putting them with certainty in their right places—some to come forward, others to recede.

Notwithstanding the many efforts that have been made to vary the processes of engraving, no one has been able to divert it from its original condition, which is to trace something upon a plate of metal by means of a sharp instrument. Before those essential qualities to a work of art,—ease, subtlety and grace,—can be attained, enormous difficulties have to be surmounted. The true engraver, without disguising the nature of the instrument he employs, must remove from his work that rigidity, those hard-cut outlines, which, from the very nature of his tool, would at first appear to be inseparable from it. This is the reason of there being so few great engravers. One may be able to paint and draw without having in the slightest degree any of those very special qualifications necessary to make the engraver.

To confine ourselves to etching, look over the sets of prints by different

artists. At first you will set aside those by artists more or less great as draughtsmen; from these you will make a further selection of those productions in which the special qualities of an etching appear, namely, excellence of work with the point. How many artists—lacking the special aptitude of the etcher, and giving only a passing attention to this branch of art—produce works entirely devoid of character or meaning. One finds nothing in them to prove that they even know how to handle the needle. They are simply copies of drawings by the pen or pencil. They have never known what etching is. The work of the born etcher is very different from a drawing, and imitates neither the pen nor pencil. It exists quite apart, with its own qualities. The needle which produced it manifests itself—with every difficulty overcome—in every line. The etchings of Mr. Whistler evidence at once the means that have brought them into existence, as he says : “the finest possible point.” Such of his early etchings as *la Mère Gérard*, must have been done with the very tiniest of needles. The lines which produce it are those of a fine steel point, ground and sharpened until an extreme tenuity has been obtained. The artist has known how to handle his tool with absolute facility.

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When an etcher has drawn and bitten his plate, it is handed to the printer and the art work is finished; the printer is often nothing more than a common workman, who sets a machine going, and pulls proofs of exact uniformity, *ad infinitum*. The results therefore are produced by work—partly artistic—partly purely mechanical. But if the impressions could be produced entirely by an artistic effort; if the printer, instead of being a simple mechanic, works with the taste, the invention, the *imprévu* of an artist then, one would have proofs endued in every way with that superiority which the pure work of the artist has over all others. Who, indeed, does not know the importance attaching to inking and *tirage*? Who does not know the prices amateurs will pay for an impression of a rare and precious *tirage* in preference to an ordinary proof obtained by the usual mechanical and inartistic processes? Who does not know with what enthusiasm collectors will contest those proofs which the artist himself—

using no middle-man—has printed with love from his own plate? Unhappily, very few artists have had the tenacity to follow their plates to press, and there direct the printing; a still smaller number have had the courage to become their own printers, and ink and print their plates themselves. There have not really been more than two who followed the religion of etching so far; Rembrandt among the ancients; Whistler among the moderns. They have lost nothing by their trouble; all questions of composition and drawing apart, if the etchings printed by them are placed side by side with those of no matter what artists who have abandoned their plates to workmen, it will easily be seen that, for perfection of printing and beauty of impression, they eclipse them all.

When Mr. Whistler commenced etching, in Paris, he employed Delâtre to print his proofs. Delâtre, justly celebrated, was an exceptional printer, working as an artist. When Mr. Whistler established himself in London he found the printers there to be but common journeymen. By degrees he acquired the habit of printing his etchings and dry-points himself. The demand for his work was then, however, very limited and the labour consequently not onerous. When renown came and the demand increased, he endeavoured to get ordinary printers to do the work for him, but amateurs discovered such an immense difference between his proofs and those of these workmen, that they refused to take them, but willingly consented to give any price for those printed as formerly by the artist. Mr. Whistler bravely looked the situation in the face, and now the printing of his etchings has become a part of the daily labour of his life. To Mr. Whistler—pulling proofs from his plates—one is obliged to apply the terms “printer.” It is the right word, none other is adequate. But the terms “printer” and “impression” give a very imperfect idea of all that wonderful quality, which Mr. Whistler—inking and printing his plates himself—gives to a proof, as compared with one pulled by an ordinary workman. According to his humour and caprice, he strengthens the ink here or weakens it there; at the pleasure of his fancy, he deepens one shadow and lightens another, suppresses a detail or brings it into prominence. The finished proof is firm and fair, full of softness, or crisp and silvery. When occasion requires—to diffuse light, to produce an effect of water, to envelope an certain part in shadow

—he will, in addition to the lines traced by the needle, cover a large surface with a transparent tint of the most sensitive gradation, recalling *manière noire* or *aquatint*. The proofs of Mr. Whistler never know that monotony which belongs to the ordinary print.

Drawn direct from nature by a powerful artist who stamps all that he touches with his own personality, the result of work done by the tiniest of needles, printed to perfection, the etchings of Mr. Whistler form, among the productions of contemporaneous art, an exquisite, rare and unique whole.

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Mr. Frederick Wedmore, the well-known critic, has just published, in London, a "Catalogue raisonné" of the etchings of Mr. Whistler (1). Two hundred and fourteen subjects are there described in chronological order. According to Mr. Wedmore, Mr. Whistler commenced to etch in 1857 and his first work was a portrait of himself. At this period he came from America, completed his artistic studies at Paris and there began etching and painting. To this first plate follow a considerable number of others, constituting what one may call his *œuvre de début* and his "French set." Various subjects, portraits : "Annie Haden," "la Mère Gérard," "Little Arthur Seymour," "Bibi Valentin," "Becquet," "Astruc," "Drouet," "Finette," "Axenfeld;" then landscapes and *genre*; *Liverdun en plein soleil*, *Street at Saverne*, the *Vieille aux loques*, the *Marchande de moutarde*, the *Kitchen*, *Reading in Bed*, *Ile de la Cité*, etc. A choice was made from among these subjects by the artist, and a set of a dozen plates appeared, printed by Delâtre, and dedicated to Mr. Seymour Haden. A very few examples of the set were printed, and put in the market at fifty francs. These productions were as yet only appreciated by a few friends, like himself young and rising artists.

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About 1860, Mr. Whistler left Paris, and took up his residence in London where he commenced a series of subjects thoroughly English. M. Whistler

(1) Whistler's Etchings, a Study and a Catalogue by Frederick Wedmore. London 1886.



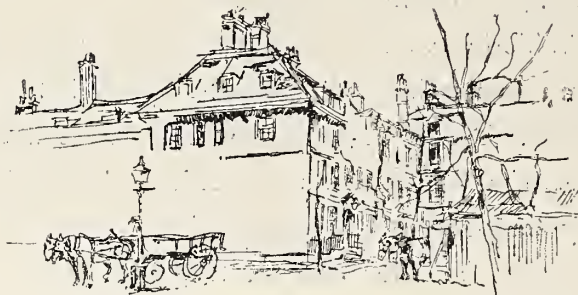
lived in the picturesque district of Chelsea, a suburb on the banks of the Thames, full of old associations. He commenced to etch the scenes which the river presented to his eyes. Up the river the old bridges of Putney and Battersea, the wharves and warehouses, the strings of lighters and barges : lower down, below London Bridge, the vessels in the Pool or the fishing boats at Billingsgate. Strange to say, the Thames treated thus, struck the English public as something quite new and unexpected. The English artists had neglected to observe these familiar things ; busy, overloaded London had been passed by as vulgar and prosaic. When they painted the Thames they went to Richmond or to Henley ; in short, to those country fields which alone were looked upon as worthy of being represented on account of their picturesqueness and dignity. But as soon as Mr. Whistler had reproduced these aspects of the Thames at London, the artists, remembering that the painter, like the poet, imparts beauty and charm to the subject he treats, as well as deriving them from it, began to perceive how beautiful those objects, hitherto considered tame and vulgar, really were. In 1871, Mr. Whistler issued through Messrs Ellis and Green, a set of sixteen plates, principally views on the Thames. This publication made etching the fashion in England and induced quite a number of artists to delineate by the needle or the brush the picturesque spots of the Thames in London, so strangely neglected hitherto.

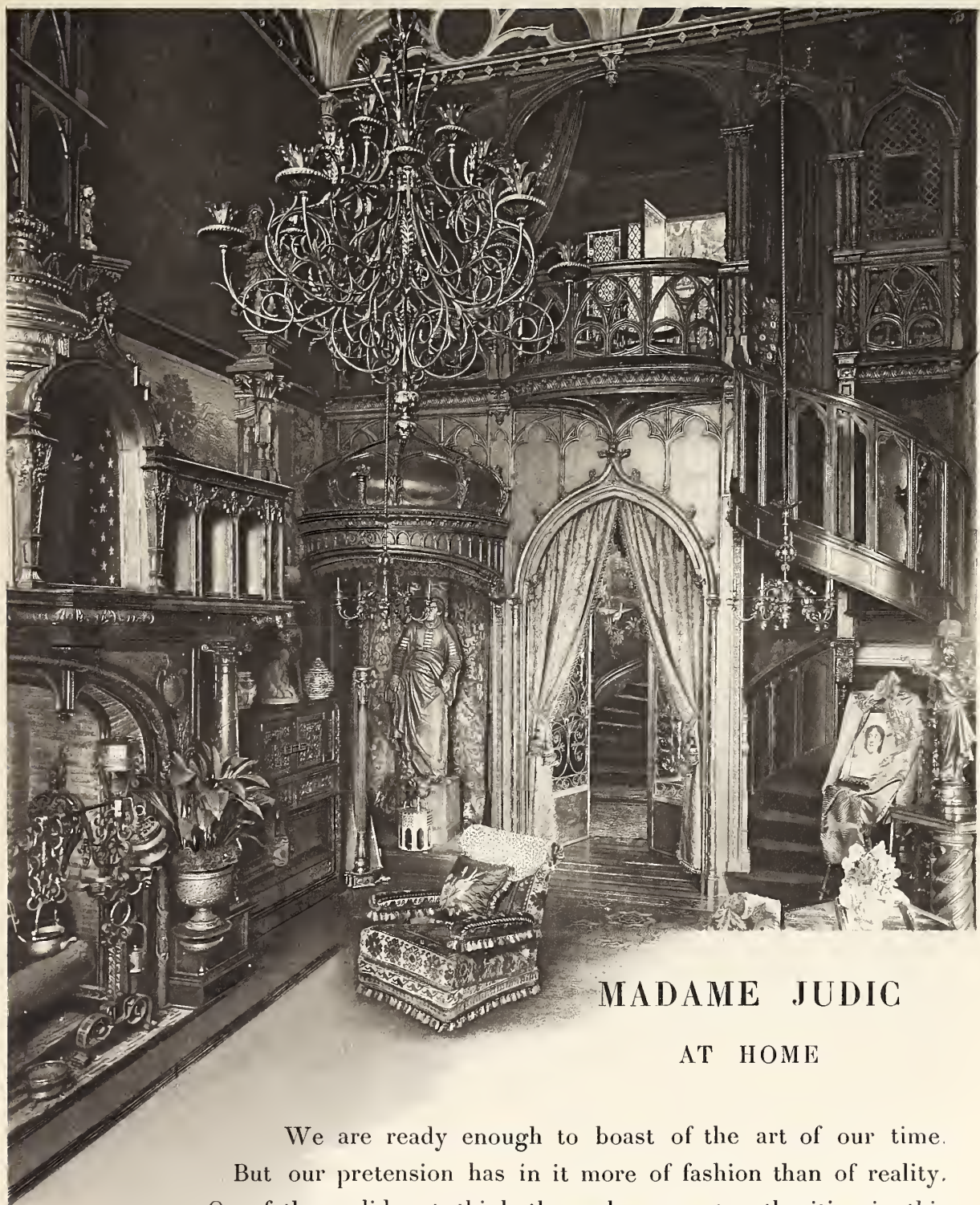
In 1879, Mr. Whistler went to Venice for a year, and brought back a series of views constituting what one may call the Venetian part of his work. In 1880, The Fine Art Society, in London, published and exhibited a first set of a dozen views of Venice. The critics and journalists accorded it a very bad reception, and declared that they much preferred his earlier works. Mr. Whistler like all true original artists, never repeats himself. He unceasingly develops and accentuates his method. The work in the Venetian views appeared to be of a slighter and more rapid nature than was even that on the plates for which they had formerly condemned him. But now, on comparison, they accepted and praised the older work for the purpose of being the better able to attack and blame the new. Thus Mr. Whistler experienced once more the difficulty of obtaining recognition for personal work of original form and *style*. Under such

circumstances, time and familiarity are the elements indispensable to success. Consequently two years after the first exhibition had been so badly received, he held a new one at The Fine Art Society's galleries, and reprinted in the catalogue extracts from the articles which had appeared in the papers on the preceding one. He complacently quoted the most stultifying criticisms which had appeared. The laugh was on his side. Two years had sufficed to accustom the public to the style of the Venetian views. Now they found them to be equal, at least, to anything that the artist had previously done, and could no longer understand how any of the Venetian etchings could have been badly spoken of by the professional critics.

Messrs Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, of New Bond Street, have just published, in a series of twenty-six plates, a second and last set of views of Venice. In facility and finesse of touch, in richness and transparency of printing it seems impossible that Mr. Whistler could ever surpass the degree of perfection attained in this set. Etching thus treated is at its culminating point.

THÉODORE DURET.





MADAME JUDIC

AT HOME

We are ready enough to boast of the art of our time. But our pretension has in it more of fashion than of reality. Our fathers did not think themselves great authorities in this respect, but they possessed rare taste, thanks to which, the simplest objects in their use were beautiful in form. This is no

longer the case, now, when, under all our pretence of artistic feeling, taste, real taste, seems to grow less every day.

To this rule, naturally and fortunately, there is more than one exception. Some people from birth are gifted with genuine feeling for art, and, if they develop it ever so little by study and by familiarity with the master-pieces of beauty, they reach a height which is the more interesting to consider in proportion as the general level is common-place.

We are about to find one example by making our way into a true artist's house, that of Madame Judic, whose name at once recalls so many scenic and lyrical triumphs.

Perhaps, amongst the many of the great public which welcomes her, more than one of her admirers is ignorant of the fact that, while on the stage she proves herself a consummate artist, she is artist not only in the theatre.

The feeling for art which animates her, making her so incomparable a *virtuosa*, has prompted her choice of costumes for the stage of which she is the inspiration, has outlined the plan of her private establishment, a master-piece of taste, and has led her to the accumulation of many works of art in its largest acceptance. This is a fact which probably is not sufficiently well known, and upon which it seems to us not needless to insist.

We do not pretend here to repeat the history of Madame Judic's theatrical career. The recollections of all lovers of the stage are, in her regard, so exact as to make the repetition a useless task.

Since her first and modest appearances at the Gymnase, her successes at the Gaîté, at the Bouffes, at the Variétés, have been but one long triumphant march, still fresh in the memory of all.

But it is not only of the actress beloved by the public, of the diva whose every creation is celebrated, we wish to speak. We wish to see in her the woman who is artist even off the scenes.

In the meantime her holidays were not rests. Special or charitable performances called her beyond the Channel; private drawing-rooms or those of the great clubs, disputed together to secure her support. She bravely set out upon artistic tours which would make many strong men

hesitate, and, not content with these travels which, because of the exercise of her art, seemed more or less obligatory, she devoted the time that still remained to her to journeys and excursions of pure pleasure. It is thus that England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, America no longer have any secrets for her.

It was willingly enough the actress went upon these journeys from which the artist received such ample returns. She could, in fact, at the same time, satisfy one of her dearest fancies, become acquainted with the peculiar picturesqueness of every country she visited, with its monuments and its museums. She could, above all, in every town find more than one treasure at the dealer in antiquities', and from it bring away precious souvenirs which must have escaped the amateurs who stay at home.

Thus she patiently collected the materials necessary for the building and furnishing of the elegant house of which she had long since conceived the idea. It is not too much to say that, for twenty years, from the time fortune first seemed to smile upon her, she dreamed of the house in which she now lives, and in which are gathered together the purchases made one by one, but destined eventually to contribute to so charming a whole.

It should be noted that money—money guided by taste—was not her only means of action during these preparations. Gifted with fairy hands and proverbial skill in that womanly work which can give the finishing touch to an artistic interior, she herself contributed to her surroundings all which, in such work, should be, not borrowed from the art of the past, but only inspired by it.



In a word the dream of the artist was realised. The house was built to suit the *diva* who was to live in it. But while she continued to be its inspiration, she found in M. Drevet an architect,—what do I say?—an artist of genius who understood and translated admirably the ideas given, or rather proposed to him. These M. Drevet embodied,

turning to the best account a site comparatively small, and finding means to arrange in this contracted space a veritable museum of Cluny on a small scale.

Being in the highest degree enemy of the conventional, Madame Judic, in making the plan of her establishment, gave free vent to her originality, but at the same time she yielded to a tendency which is natural to our time, when art as creator is weak, and which consists in surrounding one's self with the master-pieces of art either piously preserved or faithfully copied. Thus she was enabled in her design for her house—we speak of course of the interior and not of the architectural exterior—to give it the general effect of a dwelling of the very end of the 15th century. But to this *pastiche*, to this revival of the past, many modifications have been brought to relieve the style of the time of Louis XII of that which might perhaps be too archaic, too severe, for the nest of a charming woman, of an exquisite songster of melody so modern.

To sum up, the principal elements which fancy, the mistress of this designer gave to her creation, are—with a personal touch of artistic caprice, the signature as it were to the work—the choice of all the comforts of modern luxury and, blended and mingled with it, the wise and rational imitation of that charming period when the Gothic had not yet disappeared, but already was influenced by the noble art of the Renaissance. We will, in another place, examine somewhat more in detail this elegant house, one of the prettiest *bonbonnières* in Paris, but first permit us a digression which, even while it seems to carry us for several minutes far from our subject, really brings us back again almost at once.



In calling this study “Madame Judic at home,” our aim was, above all, to seek that which makes of the celebrated actress something more than a great histrionic artist; we wished to get at the expressions of her personal taste, so happy in their results. We have not endeavoured to do the work of a reporter following the popular *diva* wherever it might be possible to photograph some little corner of her private life.



Otherwise we had been obliged to go with her on her travels, marking the number of her boxes, looking on while they were opened, transporting ourselves to the neighbourhood—in every respect delicious—of her country house at Chatou, a villa, all white, on the green sward, in the midst of a park, which recalls the airy sketches of Hubert Robert.

We hold this to be, under the circumstances, a useless task, but we are not willing to neglect a visit to the great actress' dressing-room at the Variétés. Not every one who wishes can make his way into it. The reader will thank us if we leave the door ajar, for if the *diva* is anywhere in her element it is here. A room, as a rule common-place enough, cold and bare, is sure, when there is question of a star of the magnitude of Madame Judic, to reflect something of her personality, and this is the stranger because the reflection is produced with the simplest means. It is not indeed customary to go to great expense for a place from which an engagement may hurry one any day.

A carpet covers the floor of the large room, lighted during the day by two windows; thus bringing out the pleasant design of flowers on a cream-coloured ground of simple cretonne, with which the entire dressing-room is upholstered : ceiling, walls and even curtains, portière, and furniture. When, in the evening, the curtains are drawn, the sconces on either side of the marble dressing-table fill the room with light, which gives to the prevailing colour of the hangings a golden hue, modestly, but delightfully effective.

In a word the apartment is simple ; partly boudoir, partly dressing-room.

Sitting on a velvet stool in front of the old mirror in the frame of which are stuck the cards of the latest visitors, Mam'zelle Nitouche gives herself up to the cares of her maid. A table, a few chairs, a second toilet table complete the furniture; there are, besides, each adding a character of its own, here a pleasant landscape, there a pretty statuette by Grévin and Beer, further a few drawings under glass, portraits of the clever actress in various parts and at different periods of life, even a small and very amusing picture reproduced from a daguerreotype and representing her, in a short dress and flat bonnet, at about the age of one year. There

are also family photographs, suggestions for costumes sketched by the pencils of famous men, and that is all.

Towards the end of the intermissions, when visitors cannot disturb the diva's toilet already made, a few friends come to fill the chairs scattered about the room. Directors of theatres, journalists, *impresario* anxious to make arrangements for future tours, actors, dramatists or musicians dreaming new rôles for the diva to play, follow each other quickly, and in a short time the boudoir has all the look of a drawing-room. But the face of the call-boy appears at the inevitable window—the indelible sign which continually reminds one that this little corner is, after all, but a part of the theatre.

“On the stage for the second,” the voice has cried. The actress rises; her friends return to the wings, or the stalls. The drawing-room is deserted until the next intermission.

Deserted? We are mistaken. The maid is there already preparing everything for another change of costume, spreading out a dress, fetching a coquettish pair of shoes, arranging a wig.

It is thus the illustration accompanying these lines has shewn, just as they were about to be put on, the showy dress and military cloak of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* while, placed on one side of the table, are her cane, her gloves, and her furred cap.



Let us now return to the house of Madame Judic. It stands in what might justly be called a retired and obscure corner of a very central quarter in the heart of Paris. From the foot of the Rue Nouvelle, which is still but a *cul-de-sac*, it is the first of a number of private houses in the same street and in the Rues Ballue, Blanche, and Moncey; houses with adjoining gardens which give fresh air to this privileged corner, and with their great trees, the song of birds, and perfect quiet, make it seem like country.

The house faces upon the street, and encloses a large open court which gives day-light to the back buildings, and to the wing connecting them with the main building.



At a first glance at the exterior one might imagine one's self before a painter's house in which he has his studio. This is because the most striking feature of the pleasingly unsymmetrical façade is, together with the *porte cochère* of wood covered with iron work, the immense bay-window, filled with stained glass, which lights the drawing-room. All about it are bay and other windows, fine enough in themselves, but so strong is the general effect that they seem to disappear and to be lost in the one great whole. And yet, if we examine in detail the apartments of which the establishment is composed, we shall not be slow to notice that the first impression it makes as an artist's house, in which everything has been sacrificed to the beauty of one part, is misleading, and that the additional stories, though not apparent from without, number five or six, as in the houses constructed by speculative builders.

Here, however, is the general arrangement which has been adopted. On the ground floor, facing the street, are the kitchens, and offices; beyond, on entering from the *porte cochère*, is a majestic vestibule, flagged with stone, hung with old tapestry representing mythological characters, while all the seats are choir stalls and benches taken from some ancient abbey. From the vestibule rises the fine large staircase, and hangings, like those adorning the entrance hall, go all the way up with it. The pilasters of the balustrading are of the most graceful period of the Italian Renaissance.

In the entresol is the dining-room, elaborately decorated and very attractive, its general effect recalling some of the smaller rooms of the celebrated castles of the Loire. On every side it is lined with buffets and chests loaded with faience and pewter.

There is, moreover, a sort of balcony or loggia like the music galleries so often introduced by the architects of the Renaissance, which communicates with a boudoir a little higher up, and into which opens another small drawing-room, the two together forming as it were, a reception room. Here there is no copied or special style, but elegance and comfort enriched by piquant souvenirs of travel, and a collection of paintings of real value.

But let us proceed on our way, and going to the next story, we find ourselves on a large landing-place, carpeted in red, over which are spread,

as they are all the way up the stairs, oriental rugs. All along the wall, the mythological stories of the beautiful tapestry are continued. Just before us opens a door of wrought iron work, on either side of which are two immense Louis XIV statues, carved in walnut, and most striking in effect. These two beautiful figures, Madame Judic found abroad and brought back with her from one of her many journeys. But what imposing perspective is this we see through the plate-glass behind the iron foliage of the door? One would say it was some great capitular hall of a convent of the end of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century. But no : here is a piano, here are cushions, as luxurious as they are modern, flowers; we are in the drawing-room.



Here again the illustration comes to our aid. We have entered by the door of which we have just been speaking, on the inner side of which hang two portières of old tapestry, now drawn aside; we are in a hall of great height, lighted from the street, as we have already said, by an enormous bay-window, the light falling softly through the beautiful stained glass, on which is painted an historical subject, the *Embarkation of Cleopatra*, by Tiepolo.

Near the door, in a cylindrical niche, is a statue in painted wood, life size, and curiously archaic. It is the statue of Saint Anne, patron of the mistress of the house. An almost monumental mantel-piece is one of the principal decorations of this vast room, which is not less than eight or nine metres in height, and yet is not fatiguing to the eye, distracted as it is on every side, by a balcony above the door, by the entablature and the hearth of the fireplace, by the drapery of the curtains which, in the evening, conceal the enormous window. The stuff of which these and all the hangings are made is decorated with heraldic devices and is a harmony in two shades of madder. For plinth, about half the height of the hall, are old 15th century tapestries.

Opposite the fireplace a door, or rather a large opening, leads into a picture gallery, whither we shall return, and connects it, in a measure, with the great hall with which we are now concerned, for a minute giving

the idea of a long range of apartments, an architectural plan dear to all lovers of symmetry. A thick red carpet, bordered with a wide green band, covers the drawing-room floor. On it, here and there, according to the arrangement of the furniture, small Persian and Turkish rugs are thrown in front of a cabinet or a couch.

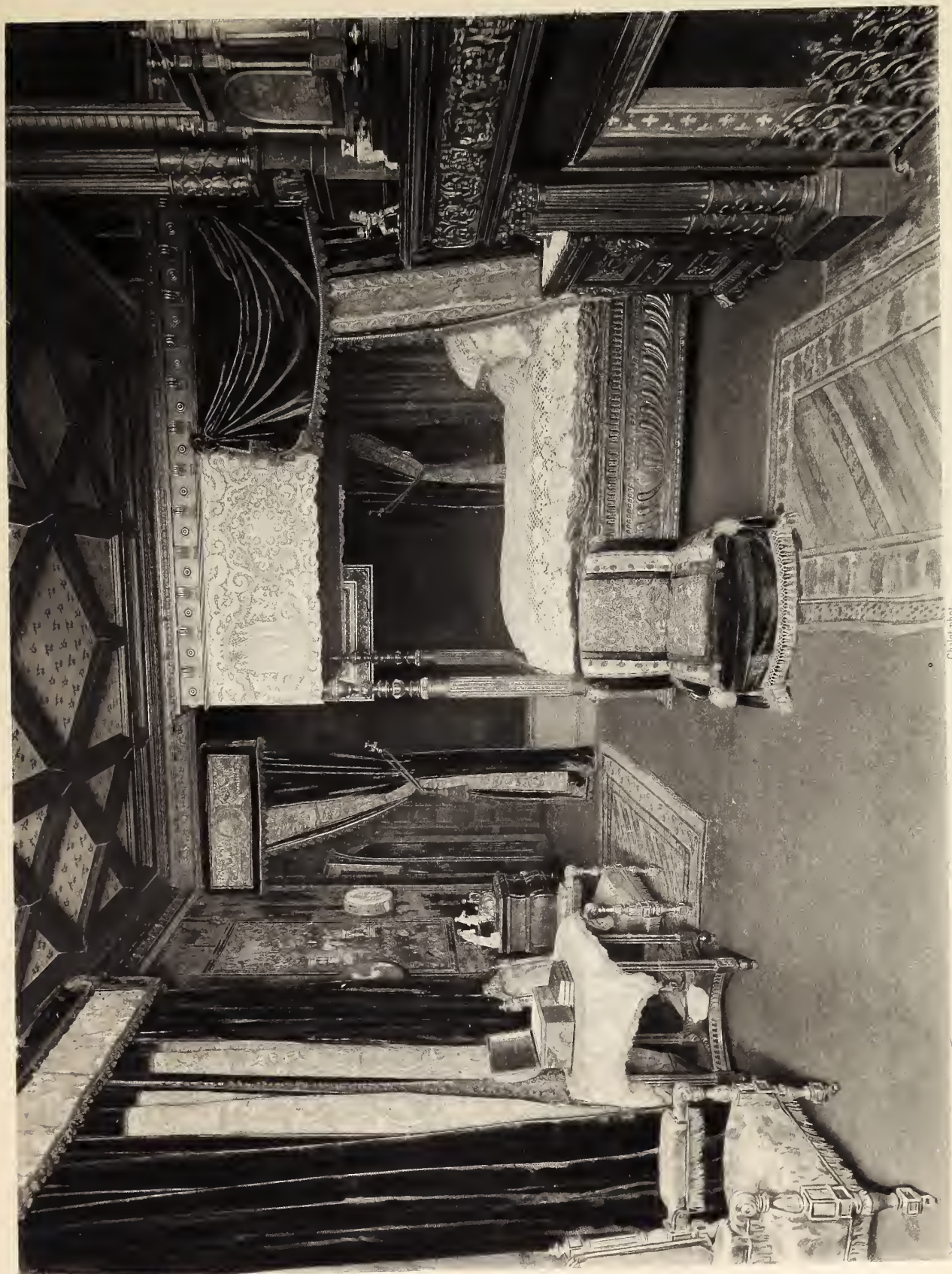
There is plenty of furniture, and yet not enough to crowd the room or to make a walk around it an impossibility. A very good grand piano of the best make, used by Madame Judic in the study of all her parts, and hidden under an elegant cover of some old stuff, a few very comfortable arm-chairs upholstered in eastern tapestry, a small sofa, embroidered in a Louis XIV design, a glass cabinet which gives one a foretaste of the curious collections scattered everywhere throughout the house, a book-case containing some good books, almost complete the impression one can form of this very harmonious whole.

The ceiling, copied from the flowery period of Gothic, is effective with its mouldings and pendants, stone white, and only its recessed parts reserved for vivid colouring and touched with gold. Its centre is marked by a large chandelier of wrought iron with many spirals and much foliage. There are also, in the four corners, four small chandeliers, hanging very low in order better to light the room. We have said that the fire-place is almost monumental. It opens with immense effect, and above the mantel, is genuine architectural work with, for principal feature, a niche and a range of cloister-like arcades corresponding with the decoration of the ceiling. Old and very curious andirons, found by Niniche on one of her professionnal journeys, ornament the front of the hearth which is filled with huge logs. Antique vases, holding bunches of green leaves, hide the absence of fire, unnecessary because of heating arrangements underground. Below the madder coloured hangings, as we have said, the leading decoration of the room, the walls, that is everywhere where fire-place or book-case or quaint cabinet does not hide them, are covered, about half-way up, with old tapestry of the style copied. Against this tapestry stand out the ornamental pieces of furniture. To the left of the chimney-piece is a chest raised on feet, a kind of cabinet belonging to the end of the Gothic period, and on it are vases of Italian and Moorish faïence.

In the opposite corner, near the door, and close to a graceful statuette of a woman playing the guitar, close to an easel where, set in a piece of plush, a pleasant sketch by an artist friend shows us the charming features of Madame Judic, a light gothic stair-way winds up to a little balcony to which a lattice door is a background. This door and stair-way are private means of communication for the mistress of the house, between the drawing-room and her bed-chamber, when she does not care to pass by the main stair-way whose landing-place can be seen from the larger balcony above the door. Since, by these steps, we have reached the bed-room of the diva, let us go in; we are allowed to do so and there the artistic document is ready to aid us in our work of analysis.

If the principal decorations of the house, especially of the reception hall, belong to the end of the 15th century, the bed-chamber of its mistress belongs rather to the early 16th century. The renovating wind of the Renaissance has already passed over it. The ceiling with its lozenge mouldings, is deep blue with floriated decoration. To the walls, the curtains, the portières, plush gives its soft tones. The bed with its fluted columns, and its sobre egg-shaped decoration, on its base, and its brackets, alternating with rosettes below the cornice, already foreshadows the time of Henry II. The large beautiful fire-place, with its four Corinthian columns, upholding an entablature adorned with foliage and topped by a glass panel of similar workmanship, together with the freedom of the design, proves its age to be that of Francis I and his son.

We have said that to the decorative scheme of the bed-chamber plush lends its rich softness, which to the eye seems so attractive and soothing in a woman's room. Its deep red tones are enlivened by ornaments of more artistic order. A series of panels with figures embroidered in small stitch by Madame Anne Judic herself, stripes, lambrequins of the same work designed from the finest embroideries of the time of Henry II brighten the walls, break the monotony of the curtains, harmonise with the guipures which relieve the bed somewhat of the too great austerity of design. Domestic and oriental rugs lie in strong relief on the carpet of one colour, so quiet in tone that it does not detract from the furniture to which it should give value.



Chalot phot

Proof of eclecticism, a Louis XIII clock, said to be of religious origin, ornaments the mantel, while two elegant Louis XVI arm-chairs are drawn up to a console of the same date, and near them is a low easy-chair of a style as absolutely modern as it is elegant and refined.

We will do no more than refer to the graceful small ornaments scattered through the room and giving it life. Moreover, let us say once for all that these are to be found in such profusion throughout the house that it would be difficult to attempt to enumerate them or even to give a few special mention.

But again let us continue our walk obliged, though with regret, to review rather summarily many details which deserve a longer description.

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The gallery, running parallel to the drawing-room, with one end towards the street and the other towards the court, has a fine ceiling decorated by the brush of Clairin. The clever artist, one of those who best understand the art of decoration, has represented Madame Judic in all her parts. And already new creations missing from this painted encyclopædia suffice to fix its date.

There in the midst of antique furniture, stalls, chests, and cabinets, one large and carved in ebony being notably remarkable, are many glass cases full of those rare and precious objects for which the artist of the Variétés has special fancy. One of them contains a collection of wonderful laces, guipures, Mechlin, point d'Alençon and point de Valenciennes, all those feminine extravagances of dress dear to our grandmothers. Another is devoted to an interesting collection of Japanese ivory.

In a third are grouped fans of every age; another entertaining chapter of feminine physiology in the past.

In a fourth, next to very complimentary trophies, — crowns, presents of all kinds offered to this conqueror when in Russia, — place is given to those charming Dresden figures, the crowning touch almost indispensable to every elegant interior. Finally, a last cabinet, the very one our readers have noticed in front of the fire-place in the drawing-room, holds a series of 18th century portraits, miniatures, of which the greater number were given

to her by Lassouche the irresistible comedian; then there are medals, rare gold coins, and many other similar treasures worthy of a true collector.

On the walls hang pictures among which it is impossible not to single out the portrait of Madame Judic in *la Belle Hélène* by Chartran, that of her children by Madame Madeleine Lemaire, as well as other water-colours by the same master of the brush, the head of an old man by Th. Ribot, a rustic subject by Veyrassat, soldiers by Édouard Detaille and Alphonse de Neuville. It would not be easy to mention all, but it seems to us amusing to at least refer to a picture representing a bull fight, and bought by the French actress while travelling through Spain, which is an entertaining piece of deception, producing by a series of closely laid touches the effect of a crowd of several thousand people. In a corner, on a pedestal, is a beautiful white marble bust of the Princess Elisa Bonaparte by Canova.

We will pass without stopping several private rooms in the house, though, in their arrangement and decoration, we should be sure to meet the same taste, but we must keep ourselves within bounds.

Here, for example, is the room once reserved for Madame Judic's husband; but to-day closed. Here is her son's a B. A. of yesterday; here her daughter's— But we will make a station in the billiard room, a bright room lighted by an immense stained glass window, facing on the court. Its walls represent scenes in Chatou and Bougival, and their painting and decoration were due to the collaboration of MM. Maincent and Poilpot.

In this room, a real place of recreation, to which a great abundance of flowers and green plants give the effect of a verandah, there are, besides the billiard table, its nominal reason, a whole string of musical instruments, piano, organ, guitar, harp, violin: even to the banjo of the American minstrel.

We shall not of course inspect the linen or any household utensils; we shall not even visit the coach-house and stable, though they are kept in perfect order, and merit particular notice; but, instead, we shall give rather an indiscreet glance to two adjoining rooms at the very top of the house: one is devoted to gowns, the other to headgear of every kind. There, all the costumes worn by the great actress on the stage, are put away in most methodical order so as to be found at once.

Lili, grandmother, elbows the dragoon of Mam'zelle Nitouche. This is not the corner of the house about which the public will be the least curious.

If we have neglected the horses, we will give a smile of approval to the special collection of dogs who are, in a measure, masters of the house. Many, brilliant, and of different breeds, they proudly display themselves in the court and in the drawing-room, from the remarkable watch-dog, brought from America by Madame Judic, who lords it over the horses' stalls and the carriage-house, to the happy Jack, a charming Scotch poodle, who never leaves her, but follows her even to the theatre, without seeming too vain of his position as favourite.

But we must pause, and, acknowledging the many gaps we may have left on our way, mention a few souvenirs which we omitted from their proper places. Thus, among the innumerable things picked up by the fortunate actress during her travels, she has preserved a collection of tambourines painted by Spanish masters, the sword of the famous Mazantini, the *prima spada* of Seville; faience from Castelli and Urbino; little Portuguese figures that reproduce with fidelity the characteristic costumes of the various provinces of Portugal; a chess-board of carved wood of rare Indian work, an unquestionable curiosity, a Mexican hat, Indian instruments bought from the Sioux between San Francisco and Mexico, and a crowd of other ornaments, all interesting, but impossible to describe here.

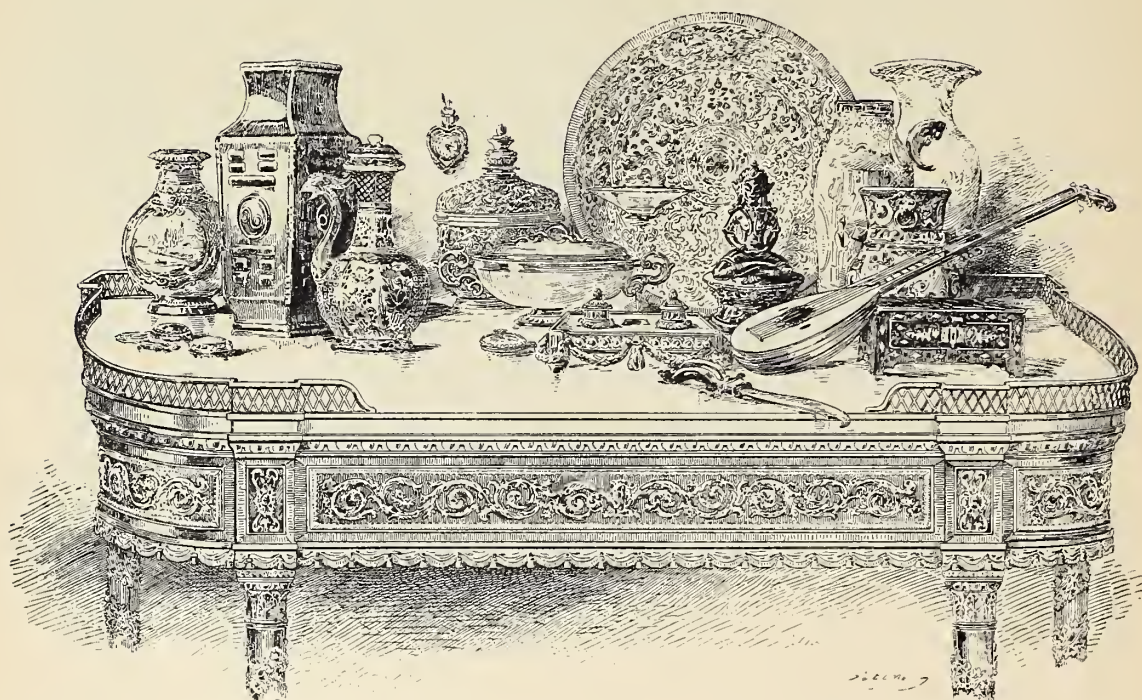
It will be understood that we have confined ourselves to the most striking features of this wonderful interior, overlooking countless treasures, which are, notwithstanding, worthy of study.

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After the eyes have been looking at so many different objects which attracted them in rapid succession, they are sometimes too apt to feel tired or dimmed and everything dances before them. Why, then, is this not the case with us just now; why is it a visit to Madame Judic's house despite its luxury, despite the quantity of bric-a-brac and curious furniture which fills it, has not produced this result? It is because, in its conception, her house

is really artistic, everything contributing to its effectiveness, without distracting one's attention from the chief object in view. One would forget the details in order to see the whole. And yet if one comes down to details, one finds that they are charming. Praise be given to her who used her taste in this creation! Art is everywhere, but it is not for everyone. Happy is she whom the public welcomes as artist, and who, in her soul, is a greater artist than she shows herself in the most brilliant expressions of her enchanting talent.

ABEL D'AVRECOURT.





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